VIETNAM: IAN ADAMS REPORTS ON THE DIRTIEST WAR

MACLEAN'S

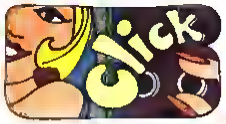
FEBRUARY 1968 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 25¢



If she's not dead yet
she may be soon.
And we will have helped
kill her. Or her baby.

OUR WAR

TAKE YOUR CHOICE
of these color TV features



1 InstaVu. CLICK! And you have a picture. In an instant the tube. So you don't have to stand around waiting for the action.

2. Colortone Control. Paint a picture to suit your fancy, by adding a touch more red when you want it. So people always look pink and pretty. Just the way you like them.

3. Direct Vision Picture Tube. We're sure we've got the best and brightest picture in the business. The last thing we want to do is dull it. So there's only one layer of glass in the screen. Others have two layers. Why? Who knows?

4. Automatic Color Control. The colors you choose are there to stay, even if the TV signal varies. You can't see the automatic feature. But it's working for you.

5. Unique Reliability. We've patented a new type chassis. It can't trap hot air the way others do. Matter of fact, the hot air is *drawn* right out of the set. So components are protected from heat. And from failure.



6. Automatic Fine Tuning. *Finally* automatic. No tooling. All you do is pick a channel. Then press a very special little button. Result? Perfect picture. Effortlessly. Try it. You'll see.

7. Convenience Control Panel. You don't need a Ph.D. in engineering to use our set. The control panel is easy to operate. And nice to look at too.



8. Integrated Circuitry. Here's a good thing that comes in a very small package. It's about the size of a bee's knee. But it does the work of many larger gizmos. Electrohome uses this small wonder in the tuner. It's one reason why our automatic fine tuner works such marvels.

9. Easy Servicing. Talk to any serviceman. He'll tell you Electrohome takes less time to service. And time means money.

10. Life Test. Electrohome demands perfection. All our color TV sets are given a rigorous "wear in" test before they leave the factory. That way we find the bugs, not you. Result: Longer-peak-performance operation with better, more consistent picture quality.

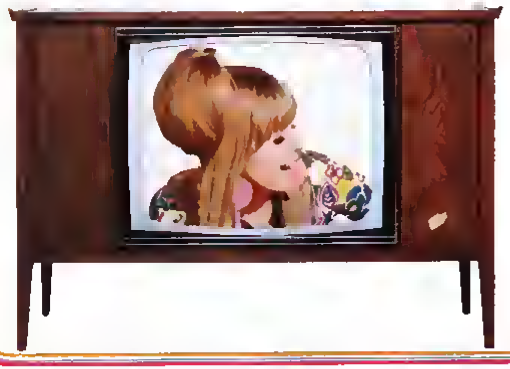
11. And much, much more... Automatic degaussing. Super Arbor Navistor Tuner. 25,000 volts of picture power. Color coded controls. Add-on remote. Illuminated channel indicator. Provision for UHF. Deluxe hand-crafted cabinet. Plus Canadian engineering to meet Canadian broadcast conditions.

OR TAKE THEM ALL
with Electrohome total color TV

15 gorgeous Electrohome Color TV consoles to choose from! Traditional. Contemporary. Colonial. Every one styled by Deilcraft, who have won more awards for fine furniture than you could count! See them at TV dealers who share your taste for the best.

ELECTROHOME

thinks about tomorrow to give you the best today





MACLEAN'S REPORTS

FEBRUARY 1968 VOLUME 81 NUMBER 2

Our 5,000 human victims of "the war of the seals"

NOBODY could have guessed two years ago, when Europeans first became disgusted and enraged over the annual slaughter of 50 000 seal pups in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that it would be Canada's Eskimos who would eventually suffer.

In the big propaganda war since, the heaviest fighting has taken place in West Germany (*Maclean's Reports* July 1967) where nearly four fifths of all seal furs from the St. Lawrence were normally marketed. Humane societies and others opposed to seal hunts such as Dr. Bernhard Grzimek, curator of the Berlin Zoo, have fought the war with some pretty effective weapons: gory films shown on TV, petitions (including one addressed to the Bundestag and bearing three million signatures), parliamentary bills to ban importation of sealskins, and buyers' strikes. Furriers and Canadian government spokesmen have counterattacked with denials and injunctions to silence the industry's critics.

So far, furriers have managed to block legislation prohibiting sealskin imports but voluntary boycotts have hit the industry hard. According to reports reaching fur men in Canada, European models have been refusing to display Canadian sealskins, fur dressers have refused to handle the furs and consumers have refused to buy them. In two years, the European market for Canadian furs has dwindled to almost nothing.

James C. Greeve, director of Bowring Brothers Limited, St. John's, Nfld., says that in his company's 156 years of sealhelling Harp sealskins, nothing has hurt its business like the European boycott. Alfred Cleven, fur auction manager of Hudson's Bay Company, which handles Arctic seal skins, admits that product has also been almost shut out of Europe in the last two years.

And, as with many another war, the biggest victims have been innocent bystanders—in this instance, Canadian Eskimos. Though the Germans have intended to aim their boycott at the Harp seal that's hunted in the St. Lawrence, they've seldom bothered to distinguish between it and such other varieties as Canadian Arctic seal and Alaska fur seal.

It's an important distinction. The Eskimo hunts a different animal: the jar or ringed whitecoat Arctic seal. He hunts the adult seal, not the baby, and singly, not in gangs. In winter, the Eskimo lies patiently in sub-zero weather on the ice near clusters of airholes, hoping a seal will rise briefly to the surface so the hunter (if he is skillful and a bit lucky) can shoot it. In summer the Eskimo takes up the pursuit by boat, and that too is a skilled and arduous job. His living from the seal comes from its meat and sale of its pelt.

The boycott has seriously affected the livelihood of nearly 5,000 Eskimos, or almost one third of Canada's total Eskimo population. The decline in their income has been dramatic. During the 1963-64 winter, Eskimo co-operatives sold almost 47 000 skins for just under $692 000. Next winter they sold 52,000 skins, but for only $305 000. The Department of Indian Affairs estimates one million dollars' worth of unsold Arctic sealskins—almost two years' supply—are in Canadian auction houses. Whereas the Eskimo used to get $15 or more for a good sealskin, today he gets only two dollars—not even enough to pay for his ammunition and boat fuel.

Federal welfare payments in Eskimo sealing communities have meanwhile doubled. In Pangnirtung on Baffin Island, a town of 600 people near the Arctic Circle, welfare outlays were $15 000 in 1965. Last year they were $40 000.

Will the boycott continue to deprive Eskimo sealers of a living? There is some hope that the worst is over. A German court has upheld an action brought by the German furriers' association against Dr. Grzimek. While allowing him to continue speaking against the cruelty of the seal hunt, the court has ordered him to desist from urging people not to buy sealskins. Moreover, as part of his settlement with the German furriers, Dr. Grzimek appeared on television recently and told his audience that he is not trying to deprive Eskimos of their livelihood and has nothing against their methods of hunting the Arctic seal.

Since then, Cleven, the Hudson's Bay Company man, has talked to European buyers who said they will consider buying his sealskins. He says this spring's auctions will tell the story.

GILLON O'LEARY



Harp seal, Arctic seal or even lynx (below) — they've all been the same to Germans imposing their boycott.

The "swinging celibates" get turned off

An ad man got them tuned in all right but now the Jesuits want to drop out

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS is perhaps the most sophisticated of all religious orders, but English Canada's 450 Jesuits are as shattered by the results of the image-building advertising campaign they ran last year that now their problem is: Dare we do it again?

Since 1963 — since, in fact, the question Is God Dead? began to haunt the newsstands — recruitment in the order in English Canada has slumped by half, from around 20 a year to 10. One reason is that in a hedonistic, doubting world any religious order often seems absurdly anachronistic. And the Jesuits suffered further by being lumped together with the more numerous monastics, which they're not. Worst of all, they were often simply ignored. A year ago Catholic layman Bob McAlear, co-owner of Baker Advertising was hired to "attract the public's attention and make lay Catholics realize the increased relevance of vocation in today's world."

McAlear produced three ads. The first bluntly asked to blaring type: "Can a Celibate Swing?" The second asked: "Are You Really Turned On?" and suggested Jesuits enjoyed life more than most. The third urged: "Take a look at these Jesuit careers" and listed 200 widely ranging jobs done by Jesuits.

Father Donald Paré, the Jesuit responsible for recruiting, approved



Kickoff to a campaign at least it seemed a lot fresher than missionary-with-starving-child.

McAlear's ads. And ever since, the Jesuits have been in something of a turmoil.

Several Catholic publications rejected that first ad. *The Canadian Catholic Register* eventually ran it, but for several weeks balked at printing "Can a Celibate Swing?" on the grounds that "to some people the word 'swinger' means a party boy making out with the women and therefore we felt it was in questionable taste."

Catholic periodicals in the U.S. and Europe carried news reports of the Canadian brothers' departure from what McAlear describes as "the Jesuits' traditional missionary-with-starving-child approach to advertising." Fr. Paré says now that Catholic high-school students seem to think the ads were stimulating.

But at the same time an influential group of Jesuits demanded that Father Angus Macdougall, leader of the order in English Canada, ban the advertisements and cancel the campaign. He refused—but now admits: "If it were left to me I don't think I would have put out such an advertisement but I had given the responsibility to others and I thought they probably knew best."

Soon after the first "Can a Celibate Swing?" ad appeared, Father Paré left his Toronto post as a high-school counsellor to work for his doctorate at the University of Miami. But he's quick to point out that, contrary to rumor, he was not sent to Miami because of the campaign: he had approved. "I'd been accepted by the university before they appeared," he says.

"Many Jesuits were angry, but that's only natural because they love the order and believed the ads damaged the image of the Jesuit as a scholarly dedicated religious. Perhaps one of the benefits of the advertising was that it led to some debate and soul searching among ourselves as to the real meaning of religious vocation."

Bob McAlear, unrepentant, says: "The Jesuits' traditional advertising methods hadn't worked, so I took their biggest recruiting liability—their celibacy—and brought it into the open to use it as an asset, a demon-

stration of these men's dedication and contentment with their lives. The disagreements were unfortunate. Even the ad that asked, 'Are You Really Turned On?' caused headaches. To some 'turned on' meant taking dope."

Even after the New Year, the Jesuits still hadn't decided on the form their 1968 advertising might take: a minionary with starving child — or Swinging Celibates? "It's hard to measure the effect of Mr McAlear's work yet," said Fr. Macdougall. "We didn't expect a sudden flood of applicants; we just wanted to make people aware of the meaning of vocation today. But one thing it has done is make us realize that the best advertisement for Jesuits is the Jesuits themselves demonstrating ours is a happy fulfilling life."

And he adds somewhat unnecessarily: "Advertising can be open to misconceptions."

ALAN EDMONDS

A dim future for the houses of tomorrow

They're having a tough time persuading anybody to inhabit Habitat. Here's why

IT WAS MEANT to be an urban Utopia, the kind of place apartment-dwellers dream about: privacy and plushness, minutes from downtown, at a reasonable monthly rent. The chief architect, Moshe Safdie, even predicted it would "bring housing construction into the jet-age." But Habitat, a big crowd-puller during Expo, has become more of a drag than a dream and if it's headed for the jet age, then it's traveling there at a Wright Brothers pace.

Since Expo closed last October, all but three tenants have moved out of the massive, $22-million concrete structure, leaving 113 apartments empty.

"Moving out wasn't a hard decision to make," says Tony Peters, an architect who recently fled his $470-a-month suite. "The living conditions were unbearable: I had a beautifully decorated apartment all right but I was constantly irritated by the lack of decent facilities. I couldn't get my laundry cleaned, for instance, without taking it uptown myself."

The isolation bothered many other tenants. The nearest small shop was miles away ("It was a major trip to go out and pick up a quart of milk," says one ex-tenant) and delivery services were poor—or non-existent. Deliverymen, if they were willing to drive out to Habitat at all, often found they couldn't talk their way past the security guards at the Expo entrances. Residents going to and fro in their own cars found the roads inside the Expo grounds frequently jammed with trucks. And the location itself, by now a lonely, snowbound stretch of Montreal waterfront, was empty too dreary for many post-Expo residents.

"Things were different when the fair was on," says Pauline Howard, a former Expo publicist. "Habitat was roughly 70 percent full and celebrity-spotting was a Habitat pastime." (Among Habitat's sometime residents: Lester Pearson, Betty Friedan, Petula Clark.) But those were also days when Expo held contracts virtually guaranteeing Habitat's tenants good service and delivery.

Now Expo is not even Habitat's landlord. As of January 1, Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation took over and began devising ways to fill Habitat to capacity. The first step was to lower most rents, which now range from $180 a month for the cheapest one-bedroom units to $595 for a four-bedroom unit. (Some rents are now only half the asking price during Expo, but now CMHC is hoping to find tenants who will sign two-year leases.

This one move alone was enough to provoke criticism from Liberal MP Warren Allmand, who had suggested in the Commons that Habitat should house low-income families, particularly those displaced from two Montreal slum areas now being demolished. But to most Expo experts, Allmand's scheme seems unrealistic. "Habitat wasn't designed for low-cost housing," says Charlie Lazarus, Expo columnist on the Montreal *Star*. "It's an exhibit, a showplace, and if you put slum families in there, you might as well subdivide the National Gallery and put them in there too."

Meanwhile CMHC's manager at Cité du Havre, J. K. Tanguay, is mulling over tenants' old complaints about Habitat and considering such improvements as a regular limousine to and from the closest bus stop, a small "convenience" store right on the site, freer access for all tradesmen and delivery men, and, for a touch of glamour, an outdoor swimming pool.

"We've got something unique to sell," Tanguay says, "and after we've eliminated the present flaws, Habitat will be swamped by prospective tenants. In fact, I'll make a prediction: Habitat will be fully occupied by May 1."

TED FERGUSON

Backstage in Ottawa

The human side of implacable Dean Rusk

What man on earth could admit he let 15,000 men die for no good reason?

UNTIL YOU MEET a man face to face it is curiously difficult to realize the most obvious thing about him — the simple fact that he is human. Therefore it was not until I met Dean Rusk in Washington to arrange the interview that appears on page 9, that I underwent the futility of expecting any major change in Vietnam policy from him or from the U.S. administration in which he is Secretary of State.

Not that Rusk is any more implacable or deaf to argument than other men. On the contrary, he was willing to hear and discuss any objection to American policy and any proposed solution of the problems of Southeast Asia. He had done so a thousand times, had heard and discussed every proposition that human ingenuity could conceive, and showed commendable patience in going yet again over ground so often traveled.

The point is not that Rusk won't listen. It's that he and President Johnson have already made the key decisions and acted upon them. As a result some 15,000 young Americans have died and about 100,000 have been wounded, and so have countless thousands of Vietnamese on both sides of the 17th Parallel.

To urge a reversal of these decisions is to ask admission that they were wrong, and that the dead men died for nothing. This is not a tolerable thought for the men responsible. It could be entertained by men who had no part in making the decisions (i.e., by a new administration, no matter what verbal opinions it might profess in advance) but not by those who have done the deed themselves. Words can be eaten, deeds of this magnitude cannot.

This human fact seems to be more clearly perceived in London than in Ottawa. Theoretically, a British Labor government should be more committed to immediate peace in Vietnam than a Canadian government that values its close ties with Washington. Labor's left wing includes some of the most outspoken "doves" in the English-speaking world and might have been expected to cause serious trouble for a government already sore beset on other grounds. Nothing of the kind has happened. Prime Minister Harold Wilson has been able to ignore these critics and maintain with impunity a policy of support for the United States.

Conceivably, our support for the U.S. in Vietnam might cost us our seat in a general election," a Labor MP told me. "In the House we have maybe 40 or 50 members who are unhappy about it, but they don't raise the point very often. If they tried to make it an issue of confidence they'd get nowhere, because of course the Tories would be on our side."

Tory spokesmen confirmed this appraisal. They have every confidence that the next election will put them back into power in Westminster and they have no wish to complicate the problems of government by alienating the United States. Anyway, they see no feasible alternative to American policy in Vietnam. U.S. withdrawal, in their view, would lead to unpredictable dislocations all over the world, including the Middle East.

Thus there is no support, among the inner circle of U.S. allies, for the doveish attitudes and utterances recently popular in Ottawa. But there is also another, even less gratifying reason why Canadian appeals for bombing pauses are ignored in Washington.

Dean Rusk has known Paul Martin well for years. He knows, among other things, that Martin is not only the secretary of state for external affairs but also a leading candidate for the Liberal leadership and the office of prime minister. It is therefore an accepted doctrine in the U.S. State Department that Martin is coming like a dove because he thinks it will appeal to more Liberal delegates than any other bird-call in April.

However unjust or erroneous this notion may be, it is now an indelible part of the current conventional wisdom in Washington. Accordingly, Canadian initiatives for peace in Vietnam are unlikely to have much effect.

BLAIR FRASER

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"... till sodomy, bestiality, rape, homosexuality, bigamy, physical and mental cruelty as permanent marriage breakdown do us part ..."

A new "natural" shield against radiation?

NRC scientists may have found it — through a "silly experiment" with road salt

IN THE FILM VERSION of Neville Shute's vision of a nuclear apocalypse, *On The Beach*, the final scenes show masses of doomed Australians queuing up for suicide pills rather than suffer the repulsive and painful death that follows a lethal dose of radiation. The vision was chillingly accurate. Although some progress has been made on protective treatments *before* exposure to radiation—particularly useful for nuclear scientists and astronauts—there's no cure other than risky transplant surgery for victims *after* they receive an excessive dose. Most face certain death within a few days.

If he were writing today, however, Shute would have some grounds for predicting a happier ending to his story. The survivors of a future nuclear blast might be living up, not for suicide pills, but for a lifesaving anti-radiation shot. The first faint glimmerings of hope for such a breakthrough have come from recent discoveries by three physiologists at Ottawa's National Research Council. The relatively simple compound that may provide the answer is calcium chloride, the same salt often used to melt ice on roads.

Scientists know that radiation kills by slowing down the process by which cells in human tissue normally divide and replace themselves. They also know how to speed up cell division in order to counter the effects of radiation. The problem is that whenever they do this the new cells tend to lose their basic characteristics. The faster heart tissue cells are induced to multiply, for instance, the faster they become something other than heart cells and thus incapable of performing their function.

The NRC's Dr. James Whitfield and his colleagues Dr. Helen Morton of Toronto and Dr. Alan Perris of Sheffield, England, have been working for two years on ways to make bone-marrow cells divide rapidly and still remain functional cells. (The bone marrow, where vital red blood cells are produced, is the first to feel the effects of radiation. Higher doses affect the lining of the intestine and massive exposure cripples the nervous system.)

The team wasn't making much headway. "Then one day we decided to try a silly experiment," says Dr. Whitfield. "We injected calcium chloride into a rat and much to our surprise the stuff considerably increased normal cell division within the animal's thymus gland. It also worked with a rat that had been exposed to radiation. Functional cells with normal characteristics were being produced at the end of the chain of rapid cell divisions."

Checking back on previous research in this field, the NRC team discovered a connection between the calcium chloride effect and a hormone secreted by the parathyroid gland in man and animals. This hormone's function is to maintain the proper balance of calcium within the body. If the calcium level drops below normal, the hormone takes calcium from surrounding bone and feeds it via the blood system to cell tissue. Injection of this hormone increases cell division.

The group then tried experiments with a compound marketed under the name Versene that is known to *reduce* the calcium level in the body. They discovered that if Versene is injected into test animals, the parathyroid gland is stimulated into action. Unusual amounts of hormone are secreted and for a few minutes there is a surge of compensating calcium being fed to the body tissues.

There is some evidence," says Dr. Whitfield cautiously, "that Versene and parathyroid hormone do have some ability to reduce radiation lethality in irradiated rats. The beautiful thing here is that we are triggering a normal body reaction and not introducing an alien substance into the system."

The preliminary findings of the NRC team have been published in many international scientific journals and their approach has attracted enormous interest. Dr. Whitfield stresses that they are merely on the threshold of "something that could prove very interesting." It could, in fact, prove to be the protective biological shield that man has been searching for since he first split the atom.

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

A few ifs, ands and buts about supersonic jets

Yes, that Concorde 001 is a genuine $2-billion triumph. However

The Concorde is the greatest single advance in the history of transport and marks the beginning of a new age in aviation — the age of the supersonic transport or SST — from an Air Canada press release announcing the unveiling of Concorde 001 at Toulouse, France, Dec. 11, 1967.

AIRLINES and plane makers can scarcely be blamed for trying very hard to persuade us all that flying faster than sound is a great idea. After all, they have a lot at stake. The Concorde, a joint British-French project, so far has cost two *billion* dollars and taken eight years to develop and literally hasn't got off the ground even yet. After its maiden flight this spring, the Concorde will undergo three years of in-flight testing before it's ready for scheduled service.

Air Canada plans to buy four Concordes costing $20 million apiece when they're delivered in 1973 or 1974 and has also spoken for six Boeing supersonic 2707s which are likely to cost at least $40 million each by delivery time. about 1980. Canadian Pacific Airlines, just as eager for supersonic prestige, has already deposited $600,000 to reserve delivery positions on three Boeing SSTs.

As Air Canada has already pointed out (and can be expected to point out rather frequently over the next five years), traveling in a Concorde at 1400 miles an hour will be just the thing for anybody who's really in a hurry. From Montreal, London will be only three hours flying time away and Vancouver little more than two hours. As the press release puts it, "It makes feasible a return trip to Paris in a day or a ski weekend to the Rockies."

Some aspects of supersonic travel, however, don't seem likely to get the same publicity buildup:

☐ THE SONIC BOOM had enough when its caused by relatively light military aircraft will be far worse from heavy-duty passenger planes. (Some boom commonly jolts people and animals on the ground along a 40-mile swath.) In Europe, some aviation writers are suggesting this one hazard alone could be enough to defeat the entire supersonic transport program. But Air Canada's chief engineer, Jack Dyment, says the boom wouldn't disturb many people when the first Concordes begin their runs in and out of Canada: they'll fly mostly over the Atlantic and uninhabited part of northern Quebec. (Nobody at Air Canada, however, has explained why the boom won't be a big problem on that two-hour Montreal-Vancouver run.)

☐ FARES as Air Canada has already conceded, will be higher. (Educated guessers say about 10 percent more than for subsonic flights.) Unlike the subsonic jumbo jets (such as the 490-passenger Boeing 747 which Air Canada hopes to put into service by 1971), supersonics like the 122-passenger Concorde won't reduce the cost per passenger but increase it.



Unveiling Concorde 001 at Toulouse: after eight years and two billion dollars' worth of work this plane has yet to make its maiden flight.

☐ COMFORT during flight will likely be less than on subsonic aircraft, even though seating is more spacious. Climbs and descents will be steeper, accelerations and decelerations more extreme. Passengers will spend a greater proportion of time strapped into their seats and many will suffer what one critical expert calls "psychological discomfort." Translation: they'll be scared.

☐ COSMIC RAYS (harmful particles of energy traveling through the upper atmosphere) could be a hazard. However, they're predictable, and SSTs can avoid them either by flying lower or remaining aground until the danger passes. "No one," says Dyment, "is going to get radiation in their systems from flying with Air Canada."

☐ AIRPORT facilities will be jammed worse than ever by the mid-'70s, though supersonics won't be much to blame. Biggest offenders will be the jumbo jets with their huge mobs of passengers. The federal Department of Transport expects airport passenger volume in Canada to double over the next five years, then double *again* in the next five. No matter how much airports are enlarged or revamped, any kind of air travel seems likely to be less pleasant in future than now.

☐ SAFETY, the most vital factor of all, is also the most hotly debated. While critics of SSTs concede that the Concorde's pre-flight and in-flight tests could hardly be more rigorous and its failsafe devices are seemingly as ingenious as can be, the plane's safe performance is still only theoretical. Will it actually behave as it should in emergencies such as failure of one or more engines? Will its supersonic speeds demand too much of the human beings who must operate it? Will today's system of weather forecasting provide adequate warning against hail, ice, wind and other turbulence?

Until such questions are answered by practical tests and experience, critics such as Bo K. O. Lundberg of Sweden's Aeronautical Research Institute are more than skeptical. Brushing aside statements from such esteemed bodies as the International Civil Aviation Organization, Lundberg has declared: Assurances that SSTs will be as safe as subsonic aircraft can be nothing but wishful thinking."

There will be little sensation of speed in the Concorde, in fact unless the pilot announces it you won't even know when you've broken the sound barrier. — Air Canada press release.

HAL TENNANT

Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Forecasts

Will your next doctor be a Russian?

Now, when insomnia strikes, try a daily doze on the shores of the Black Sea

THE NEXT FAD for wealthy arthritics and self indulgent insomniacs could be 26-day visits to the Soviet Union At Sochi a health-resort city in the subtropical Black Sea region doctors are claiming dramatic progress in treatment of four familiar old dis eases

□ Insomniacs and people with nervous disorders are being treated by a hypnotic message while they sleep The treatment begins with the pa tient lying on a couch and having sleep-inducing electrodes placed over his eyes and behind his ears Once he is asleep, a speaker under his head



A bland pressure patient sniffs ionized air. Insomniacs gal (what else?) naps.

begins transmitting a hypnotic message especially recorded on tape by the patient's doctor ("You will no longer be kept awake by your business problems You will no longer be kept awake by . . . ') Each session lasts 30 to 40 minutes. The Soviet doctors claim repeated treatments over two to three weeks have cured insomnia and greatly reduced other nervous disorders.

□ Patients with either high or low blood pressure are being treated (and helped according to the doctors) by breathing artificially ionized air simi lar to the air created during an elec trical storm A patient can reduce high blood pressure by breathing air charged with negative ions to increase low blood pressure by breathing air that's positively charged

□ Arthritics who visit the area are offered baths in mineral waters con taining hydrogen sulphide—the familiar old spa smelling like rotten eggs —but Soviet doctors insist these treat ments not only provide relief for all kinds of arthritis but actually cure some varieties They say the good effects result because the minerals penetrate the skin and enter the bloodstream Western doctors are skeptical but the Soviets say they have proof from test baths in which radio active tracers were used

Latest lure for foreign patients a package deal that includes a round trip by air meals accommodation and 26 days of treatments The cost? By Air Canada and Aeroflot from Montreal it's about $1 200

WATCH FOR new cigarettes described as "better for you because they smoke cooler." Reacting to the familiar claim that cigarettes are more lethal than cigars or pipes because they burn hotter two Ontario inventors. James A E Bell and David H Lalog. have invented and patented a cigarette with a hollow core that makes it burn cooler than conventional cigarettes

BRAIN TRANSPLANTS may sound more fantastic to most laymen than heart transplants But at least one expert, Dr Robert J White believes the brain stands a far better chance of being transplanted successfully than the heart does and the reason is sim ple unlike other organs including the heart, the brain doesn't seem to trig ger rejection by the body Dr White, professor of neurosurgery at Western Reserve University Cleveland has come to this conclusion from experi ments in which he performed brain transplants on 16 dogs He then studied their body reactions for as long as 3½ days None of the transplants, he reports was rejected

THE NEXT HARBOR BUOY you see may blink its light and honk its foghorn at you without the aid of batteries of any kind Researchers in Japan have produced a batteryless buoy which uses electricity generated by the rocking motion of waves.

PLASTIC materials such as polyethy lene are wonderfully waterproof but have never been much good for cloth ing because they don't "breathe", confining any part of the body in such plastic will cause sweaty discom fort and often a rash Now two New England inventors have devised a way to make plastic that "breathes" yet still repels water. You can expect to see the new material show up soon in such items as ski mittens and chil dren's slippers.

YOUR LIGHT BILL could be lower and those ugly high tension hydro towers could become obsolete as a result of a discovery by an IBM physicist, Richard L. Garwin. Garwin has found that hundreds of billions of watts of electricity can be transmitted over a pair of wires about an inch and a half in diameter if the lines are cooled by liquid helium Transmit ting that volume of electricity 600 miles by conventional means would require more than a million tons of expensive aluminum cable Using Garwin's discovery hydro companies could encase relatively inexpensive cable in a jacket of liquid helium supercooled by refrigerator units at 12-mile intervals. And the line would be slender enough to be buried easily in a small ditch

EDITORIAL

"Queen of Canada": a frill we can do without

AT THE CONFEDERATION OF TOMORROW conference in Toronto last November, Premier Daniel Johnson of Quebec fired a partisan shot oo the closing day. To answer the trite question "What does Quebec want?" he tabled (and wisely refrained from reading) a "preliminary statement' of Quebec's current demands The question now, he said quite justly is ' What does Canada want?"

He deserves an answer — not just the usual flabby ambiguities but specific rejoinders to the specific requests he has made on Quebec's behalf If all were granted in our opinion, the central government would be enfeebled to the point of paralysis If none were granted the en couragement such a refusal would give to Quebec separatism is too serious to be lightly risked. Which in this long list of stipulations are truly feasible?

The first request concerns the monarchy The Quebec brief mentions neither Queen nor Crown, but the meaning is clear enough "We believe the constitution should begin by proclaiming Canada's absolute sovereignty ' In other words, the British sovereign should no longer be Canada s head of state

The very idea infuriates some Canadians, but it need not be as difficult or as controversial as it looks The office directly involved, for ordinary routine purposes is that of Governor-General, personal representative of the "Queen of Canada " Little sentiment or sentimen tality attaches to this title He could just as well be called "President of Canada,' like the President of India The Queen s titles would no longer exclude that of "Queen of Canada," an embarrassingly artificial one at best but as "head of the Commonwealth' she would still be honored as of old whenever she visited any part of Canada — including Quebec The change would remove a lot of confusion from the concept of Canadian independence Even the loyalest Loyalist must find it rather odd, for an independent country, to have inscribed in every Canadian passport that ' a Canadian citizen is a British subject " Not all of them want to be

Some other requests, difficult to grant in full, are susceptible to modification For example, the "presence abroad of the Quebec community (i.e , relations with certain countries and international organizations)" has been greeted by the external affairs department as an in tolerable heresy, and it would indeed be absurd if, say, the Canadian government broke off diplomatic relations with a country in which Quebec continued to maintain an "ambassador " But there is no reason why the present situation, whereby provinces are represented by ' agents general" with quasi-diplomatic status in several countries, should not be made explicit Instead of implicit in the constitution Neither is there any reason why Canadian delegates to certain international organizations, such as UNESCO, should not comprise provincial as well as federal representatives

Nor is there any reason why the constitution somehow, somewhere should not declare what everyooe knows to be a fact — that Quebec is oot ' a province like the others" and need not absolutely in all cases, be treated exactly the same as Prince Edward Island To express this knowo fact to suitable legal language will be a difficult task of drafts manship but it shouldn't be an impossible one.

No ooe expects the federal-provincial conference in February to come up with final solutions to this or any other problem What is important is not that the work be completed, but that it be began — that the English-speakiog majority prove its willingness to discuss something other than the status quo

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Canada's National Magazine February 1968 Volume 81 Number 2

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IAN ADAMS had his orders when we sent him to Vietnam last fall: stay out of combat — there's plenty to report without risking your neck. Naturally, Adams ignored instructions, hopped a plane for the nearest action, survived several brisk VC mortar attacks and returned with the remarkable series of pieces that begin on page 14. He also brought home a few personal conclusions: the Americans can't win, and the war is very different from the one we read about in the newspapers. Now he's lobbying for another Vietnam trip.

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Eleanor Baldwin's late husband left her a family business and a two-year-old Cadillac.

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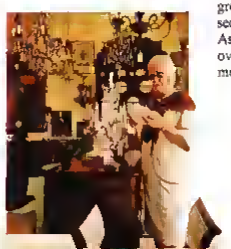


Mr. Baldwin had appointed National Trust executors of his estate. As a result, he left his wife with more than an old business and a used car. He left her under the care of a company that combined proven experience in executorship and estate management with a high reputation in the investment field. Under the supervision of our investment management team, the business was sold and all assets were evaluated. Then investment opportunities were sought and found—in oil, in mining, in manufacturing—wherever money would grow. Today, because of her husband's foresight, Mrs. Baldwin knows her financial security is assured.

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MACLEAN'S INTERVIEWS

Dean Rusk

On page 12 Maclean's states its reasons for opposing the U.S. intervention in Vietnam and examines Canada's role as a reluctant ally. In the following interview with Ottawa Editor Blair Fraser the U.S. Secretary of State tells why the Americans are there, what they hope to achieve — and how they propose to get out

Maclean's: What is your personal prediction of the way the war will end in Vietnam?

Rusk: It is difficult to make a prediction because it takes two sides to make peace. The United States, along with many other governments, has long sought to end the bloodshed and to bring the conflict to the conference table — thus far without success. However the conflict could end quickly if the Hanoi Government simply decides to close out its attempt to take over South Vietnam by force.

Maclean's: What would you consider to be reasonable peace terms?

Rusk: What is required to make peace can be derived from the causes of the present hostilities. U.S. combat forces were introduced into South Vietnam because of the men and arms sent into the South by Hanoi. We believe that the special problems of such divided countries as Germany, Korea and Vietnam must be settled by peaceful means and not by force. We have treaty commitments in all three instances. Canada is a member of NATO and participated with UN forces in Korea.

Our view on peace terms can be found in our Fourteen Points, in the Seven Nation Manila communiqué of October 1966, and in the principles of the Geneva Accords of 1954 and 1962. We are prepared to discuss details with those who can stop the shooting. We will meet with them at any time without conditions, or will meet to discuss conditions prior to formal negotiations.

Maclean's: Would it be correct to say these terms define the war aims of the United States?

Rusk: Yes, since the war aim of the United States is peace.

Maclean's: How long would it be, in your opinion, before these aims can be achieved?

Rusk: I cannot guess how long. The fighting itself can end as soon as Hanoi decides it is more in its interest to negotiate a mutually acceptable settlement than it is to keep on trying to take over South Vietnam by force. Until Hanoi makes this decision we are obliged to continue to assist South Vietnam to defend itself with armed force.

In partnership with the Vietnamese allies and the other nations assisting in South Vietnam's defense, we have made significant progress. Repeated enemy assaults have been thrown back at heavy loss to the other side. Protection against Viet Cong terror has been steadily extended to wider segments of the population. Five elections have been held in the past 18 months for local officials, the Presidency, and the two legislative chambers, and institutions for representative government have thus been established in the midst of a cruel war. I expect further steady progress over the coming months.

Maclean's: Do you believe the government of South Vietnam would then become self-sustaining militarily, or would an American garrison be needed for a longer time?

Rusk: We have pledged to withdraw our forces from Vietnam when the external aggression against South Vietnam ceases. North Vietnamese personnel and support are withdrawn, and the level of violence thus subsides. Under those circumstances, the Vietnamese Government should be able to deal with its own self-defense requirements.

Maclean's: Do you envisage a united or a permanently divided Vietnam? If united by what means? If divided how will peace be kept?

Rusk: We consider the question of the reunification of Vietnam to be one for the free decision of the Vietnamese people. We would accept many through free elections under international supervision and oppose unity by force.

Realistically we recognize that there are great obstacles to reunification. The two parts of Vietnam have developed different political and social systems. However we do not believe reunification is an impossible goal, and are fully prepared to support the free decision of the Vietnamese people.

Maclean's: Would the United States tolerate an elected Communist government in Saigon? An elected neutralist government?

Rusk: We have long supported the idea of genuinely free elections in South Vietnam to give the South Vietnamese a government of their own choice and we are committed to respect their decision.

We support the development of broadly based democratic institutions in South Vietnam. We do not seek the exclusion of any segment of the South Vietnamese people from peaceful participation in their country's future. Nor do we seek to determine the South Vietnamese Government's political outlook and orientation.

In the face of the steadfast refusal of the Viet Cong to engage in peaceful participation and their massive efforts to disrupt the recent series of elections, the success of the South Vietnamese people in establishing a constitutional representative government is truly remarkable.

Maclean's: Many Canadians, like many Americans, who accept the sincerity of American intentions in general in Vietnam are disturbed by the use of anti-personnel weapons such as fragmentation bombs, napalm, etc. What is the explanation of this policy?

Rusk: The weapons you mention are used to achieve specific and limited military purposes. In this war, as in any other, civilian casualties are inevitable. They are deeply regretted, but the most stringent efforts are made to minimize civilian casualties whether inflicted by these or any other weapons at our disposal. Fragmentation bombs are used against antiaircraft weapons sites; napalm is rarely used in North Vietnam; it has been used in the immediate battlefield area in and around the DMZ. The real point is however that all of the fighting could stop within hours if Hanoi will help make peace.

Maclean's: Do these problems keep you awake at night literally? Or are you able to put them aside at the end of the working day? Aside from your own personal experience, how important is the problem of sheer physical and intellectual fatigue among men who have to carry those terrible responsibilities?

Rusk: A government servant accepts the burden of responsibility in the knowledge that he must be prepared to accept and overcome any fatigue which arises. No reasonable human being contemplates with equanimity the tragedy of war and the horror and sadness it begets. But the cost of human freedom is always high, and most of us believe the price must be paid.

Maclean's: In the internal politics of the United States, are you confident that the people will continue to support a war without victory, over a period of years?

Rusk: I am confident that the people of the United States will continue to support the objectives for which we are fighting in Vietnam and the policies that have been framed and developed under four presidents to carry out these objectives.

Maclean's: In any parliamentary system the government would be forced to make peace or to resign if it lost the support of a majority in parliament. What happens in the American system if the support for the war in Congress and among the general public drops below the 50-percent mark — or if disaffection becomes clearly apparent in other practical ways? In other words, how far can a United States administration pursue a policy when the people have turned against it?

Rusk: The American people conduct their public business at the federal level through the President and the Congress. I see no indication that a majority of our Congress will not support our effort in Vietnam. Indeed there is no responsible opinion that we should withdraw from Vietnam. In any event these matters are not decided by public-opinion polls. If someone were to ask me "Are you happy about Vietnam?" my answer would be, "No." In the most literal sense no one wants peace in Southeast Asia more than President Johnson. How to get it is a most complicated question and withdrawal is not a way to get it. This is very broadly understood among the American people.

Maclean's: In Canada discussions of the Vietnam war often include references to our dependence on a friendly administration in Washington, and some published reports have alleged that the present administration resented the recent suggestion of Honorable Paul Martin that bombing of North Vietnam should be suspended. Are these reports correct?

Rusk: Relations between governments, especially friendly governments, have nothing to do with resentment. Mr. Martin and I see each other frequently and discuss all / *continued on page 64*



"The cost of human freedom is always high, and most of us believe the price must be paid"

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MAILBAG

Quebec: don't quit—or good riddance?

In *The Day Quebec Quit Canada* Alexander Ross made fiction read like fact. Very clever indeed! But he missed one point. At secession, what share of the national debt did Quebec undertake?

C. B. ALBRIGHT, TORONTO

* Bravo! for printing Ross's sensational history. I am sure the thoughtful consideration of the potential inclinations of our French-speaking neighbors will contribute much to the struggle for mutual understanding and sympathy. Permit me to suggest another attempt at "friendship building" — this time with our neighbors in the south. Have Ross write on *The Day The U.S. Quit*. Heaven.

DENNIS DIXON, QUEBEC CITY

* Quit west we are tired of this Quebec business and wish they would split completely away from Canada. We fear Quebec more than we feared Germany may be because we had an army to protect us from Germany but we have nobody to protect us from the French.

W. JAMES TICKELL, ILTI

* The possibility that Canada itself is essentially a colony was rather overlooked. Your presentation of the Quebec issue was mainly in terms of: they can't get along economically without us." Please, who are you? Am I the one someone says cannot get along without? Maybe Quebec cannot get along without the North American economy. But can Quebec have its own destiny if Quebec separatists have any such intention. Does Quebec have to be an Anglo-Canadian middle man to chain in the North American economy?

ALAIN BUSS, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

* Blair Fraser considers Ross's *The Day Quebec Quit Canada* with *Why It Can't Happen*. As a recent English immigrant I would like to comment that it is one man's ambition that it *shall* happen. General de Gaulle wishes to rebuild the French Colonial Empire as he has here in North America — and that with Quebec. He is patently trying to embarrass the dollar and to raise the price of gold. If he succeeds this anglophobe old man will be able to finance Quebec bonds from Paris and they go down in history as the man who created a nation without firing a shot.

BRIAN W. WIGGLESWORTH, CALGARY

* I have been so impressed by Alexander Ross's seismic-like survey on Quebec that I am sending right now my contribution to Rene Levesque's political party soon to be formed.

R. BERTHIAUME, SOREL, QUE.

* It is hard to imagine a more patronizing, hysterical and wishful thinking approach to the Quebec problem than the pieces written by Blair Fraser and Ross and the Editorial in the same issue. Patronizing because they assume French Canadian statesmen would act in a pathetically irrational and self-defeating manner. Hysterical because they assume hotheads like Gregoire, Bourgault and Tremblay would be in charge instead of cool heads like Levesque, Drapeau and Bourassa. Wishful thinking because they base their future argument on the economic consequences that "might" follow. Notwithstanding the shrill alarums to the non-French held by Canadian WASPs, French Canadians are better known and better liked by Americans than their English-speaking countrymen. If English-speaking Canada wants to nip off its nose to spite its face by taking economic revenge on Quebec, should it claim its sovereignty but not do so? There are other ways for Quebec to ensure its economic well-being. Economic union with the United States would be one answer. English Canada had better get one thing straight. French Canada is not only determined to preserve its language and culture from drowning in the English-language mass-media ocean but it is determined to have the French-Canadian way of life none to kill Spiem.

MICHEL CHAPUT, OTTAWA

* Now that I've controlled my fury and resigned my Medicare from the waste-paper basket where I had hurled it, may I suggest that you not attribute attitudes in western Canadians that we do not hold — such as the ridiculous headline ascribed to a Winnipeg newspaper: QUITE QUITS — THANK GOD, Western Canadians are not deeply concerned about national unity as people who seem to think Canada ends at Bloor and Yonge Streets, and Ian Mackenzie suggest that we Canadians in western Canada would wish Quebec out of Canada is completely asinine.—D. SMITH, EDMONTON

* If such an article had appeared in a French-Canadian magazine of national scope I would not feel very proud. As it is, I am simply sorry for both of us.

P. V. GIBSON, RITHOAKE, QUE.

Cold on a cool school

I would like to know why the Company of Young Canadians is entitled even to offer to spend the taxpayers' money to underwrite five months in a group of privileged Vancouver students who rather than attend a school provided for them wish to attend a school approved by them (*Mr. A Cool School That's An Odd Place Like Annex*, *plus* Reports). In my span on this, are many times of far more importance to spend the taxpayers' money than to supply teaching for a bunch of very spoiled children who think they can go through life doing just what ever they want to do.

MRS. CHARLES P. TROUP, TINSEL, CLARE, QUE.

The Beautiful People

I read *The Beautiful People of Detroit* from start to finish. There aren't enough words in my vocabulary to express my appreciation for this superb and understanding piece of journalism. The only nagging disappointment left in my mind is the fact that so much is said so much in photographs, so many in written about the American civil rights issue — and so little about our own. We have not progressed to the stage of boiling angry and street battles that has been so prominent in the U.S., but must we be here something is really set forth in our magazines about our own "white problem"?

MRS. CAROL KING, MINNEDOSA, MAN.

Continued on page 67

YOUNG



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OUR WAR

Like it or not, we're involved in Vietnam because the agonizing questions of morality and decency haunt the Western world

THE NEXT 12 PAGES of this issue of *Maclean's* are devoted to the current nastiness in Vietnam, and you'll notice that in more than 20,000 words of reportage we've deliberately skirted the larger policy questions that surround the conflict. We did this for two reasons. For one thing, we think it's more productive simply to report what the war is doing to the people who must endure it than to speculate on why it's happening or how it will end. For another — and this is a rare journalistic admission — we don't pretend to know how to solve this mess, any more than do all the baffled leaders of the Western alliance. This war is a torture to the conscience of all mankind, not least the Americans who are waging it. If there were an honorable, self justifying way of backing out of Vietnam, they would have done so long ago. As Walter Lippmann wrote recently: "There is a growing sense of guilt. The American people are becoming revolted and ashamed by the spectacle of themselves engaged in a war where a big, rich, super-armed giant is trying to beat the life out of a dwarf. Less and less are Americans enjoying the idea of themselves in such an uncivilized, unchivalrous, inhumane role. This is the most unpopular war in American history. It is also the war which most deeply affronts the American conscience."

Despite our admission of non infallibility, several things strike us as apparent. The Americans, to begin with, are fighting the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time, and they are very far from winning it. Indeed Hanoi and the National Liberation Front have, in a sense, already proved their point. They've demonstrated that technological superiority of the American kind isn't always decisive. The U.S. had plenty of credible reasons for embarking on its intervention — the containment of China, the defense of Southeast Asia, even the preservation of freedom in South Vietnam. But today the issue has become much broader. It is this: can an Asian peasantry, whose strongest weapons are pride, patriotism and guts, defy the mightiest technological power on earth? After too many years of fighting, the answer seems to be that yes, the Vietnamese can. And if Hanoi and the NLF succeed at this costly game, how long do you suppose the U.S. can continue to call the shots in Latin America and in other "underdeveloped" parts of the world? The basic question, in other words, is whether U.S. imperialism can survive. Anybody who says it can or should is bucking history, humanity and common sense.

We don't apologize for using the word imperialism. Although it's been used in unreal ways by the Communists (who are pretty good at imperialism themselves), the word describes a situation that is real enough: the fact that large areas of the world — including the part we inhabit — are actually controlled from Washington, and not always to the benefit of the recipients. Despite the aura of good intentions that surround every extension of American influence, the effect is much the same as with any global system: some nations prosper at the expense of others.

Canada, of course, is one of the nations that are prospering. Last year we sold upwards of $500 million worth of military merchandise, mainly to the U.S. It's true that this is a relatively puny contribution to the U.S. arsenal and it's also true, as Industry Minister C. M. Drury recently told *Maclean's*, that "we export no arms from here to Vietnam — none at all."

But it's also true that the value of Canadian material exported to the U.S. and *then* to Vietnam is considerable. Last year, for instance, we sold the Americans $1.2 million worth of air-to-ground rockets for use in Vietnam, in a deal that was deviously channeled through several government agencies in an attempt to avoid public comment. Canadian Industries Limited is still shipping TNT by the boxcarload from its plant at Valleyfield, Quebec, to the U.S. Naval Ammunition Depot at Crane, Indiana. A government-owned plant near Montreal makes Octrol, a bursting agent for American bombs.

These are just a few items of a diversified trade that includes everything from aircraft to the famous green berets (which are made in Toronto). What they all add up to is the fact that we're implicated in the Vietnam killing. But our distress over the arms trade is largely symbolic. If we abolished it, the war would still go on. What matters more is the fact that no matter what course Washington chooses to adopt, Canadians are virtually compelled to go along with it. Our interdependence, despite its undeniable benefits, has limited our independence. This isn't an exclusively Canadian dilemma, of course. Every Western nation shares it to a degree. But because we're North Americans, and the Americans, after all, *are* our best friends, it's a dilemma with a special urgency for Canada.

We don't want to be so impractical as to suggest there is any easy way of avoiding this involvement. The U.S.-Canadian Defense Sharing agreement, which pools the military production of both countries, is the cheapest, most practical way of securing for our armed forces the kind of sophisticated weaponry we can't afford to develop ourselves. But in return, we're unwittingly abetting an American adventure whose benefits to *our* national interests are, putting it mildly, pretty marginal.

Well, is this what Canadians really want? What are our options? Is it feasible to divert much of our defense spending to foreign aid, even at the cost of being called an unreliable ally? Is armed neutrality really out of the question for Canada? Some of our most respected thinkers are advocating such a policy.

We don't pretend to know the answers to questions such as these. But we do know there's been far too little public debate about them. Just as, during the 1950s, we absentmindedly slipped into a state of industrial vassalage to the U.S., we now find that we've become an important supporter of the dirtiest war the U.S. has ever fought.

Maybe that's the way it's got to be. If so, let's quit pretending we're horrified bystanders. If not, let's start exploring the alternatives. Now. ★

HOW WE WIN THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS

Or why people tend to grow unfriendly when you drop napalm n them: some random images of a cruel war by **IAN ADAMS**



Below the surface friendship between Americans and the Vietnamese, there's a mutual distrust that only mutual need keeps hidden

THE AMERICAN SITS in the tea shop of a roadside village between Dien Ban and Hoi An. Outside it is raining, and the Vietnamese hurry past the open front of the shop with plastic sheets over their heads and shoulders. Inside it is dirty and the small wooden stools are hardly big enough for the American to sit on. By the charcoal cooking fire a little girl squats beside a bucket in which she rinses tin cups, then sets them on the grimy floor. The American eats his two fried eggs, served in a battered tin bowl, with a discolored spoon. But he long ago got used to all this and, besides, this afternoon he is enjoying himself. He is talking in Vietnamese with his friend the best friend he has made since coming to this country 18 months ago.

They are talking about the Vietnamese sense of humor. The friend explains that when a Vietnamese laughs at someone else's discomfort it is not necessarily hard-hearted; more likely it is to cover up the other person's embarrassment. And the talk goes on like that. The other Vietnamese in the teashop pay no attention to the foreigner. The noise of their talking washes over him and in the background someone is playing a transistor radio.

About 20 minutes go by and the American is so engrossed he doesn't realize that it has stopped raining and everybody has fallen silent. His friend turns to see what everybody is staring at.

Earlier that morning the U.S. Air Force made a napalm strike in support of a unit of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam caught in a guerrilla ambush three miles to the south. Now the civilians caught in that strike are straggling through the village, trying to make it to the civilian hospital in Hoi An. It is a grotesque procession. They are mainly women, children and old men. The wounds are still undressed and the flies swarm around the horrible mutilating burns. A few ride in small carts, others are carried in litters, the rest walk, helping each other along. There are, perhaps, 50 of them. Except for the crying and whimpering of the children, they are quiet as they shuffle past.

The silence in the tea shop is terrible. All the customers are staring at the American. His Vietnamese friend stares at him, too, then with a short derisive laugh he gets up and walks out. The American is paralyzed. He wants to explain that he is not a military man, that he's a refugee worker, that.... But there is nothing to say. He leaves some money on the table and walks out to his Jeep.

In a few minutes he catches up with the sad column. An old man and a young boy are resting beside a litter on which a woman of about 30 is lying. She is terribly burned over her breasts and stomach. There is the smell of charred flesh. The American tells them to put the litter in the Jeep and that he will take her to the Hoi An hospital. The woman whispers to the old man. "She says it is enough that you have killed her. She wants you to leave her alone so she can die with her own people." The woman's face is grey, but her eyes glitter with unmistakable hatred. The American insists. The man and the boy are apathetic. They have burns, too. They finally get the litter into the Jeep. It has to lie diagonally so that the woman's head lies between the two front seats, just short of the gear shift. The man and the boy get in the back.

The American drives as carefully as he can over the ruts and potholes. The woman cries out only once. All the time her eyes never leave his face. He starts to shout over the noise of the engine that he hates this war, that it is not his war, that he's sorry. But his words are drowned out by the grinding noise of a military convoy going the other way. By the time the convoy has passed them the young woman is dead.

THE DRAGON FLIES drone lazily over the plowed earth. Some of the Korean soldiers lie dozing under the meagre green shade of a hillock to the left. They are bored and hot. Nobody talks. They have been waiting since daylight for an American intelligence officer to come five miles from the U.S. Air Force base at Qui Nhon. It is 10 a.m. and the sun is already unbearable. Just two miles to the north the lush green fields fade into a delicate blue heat haze around the foothills to the mountains. And in the field in front of us the three crumpled bodies in their bloodstained underwear are already beginning to smell.

The 30-calibre machine gun that hacked them to death still stands perched above the irrigation ditch. The expended shell casings lie glinting in the mud at the bottom. Beside the machine gun lies the small untidy pile of possessions stripped from the three dead men: their North Vietnamese Army uniforms, three AK-47 carbines, a small string-wrapped bundle holding vials of malaria and salt tablets, a parachute flare, and a tiny plastic radio that has a tack compartment stuffed with maps. There's a little bundle of personal letters. An automatic across a small stained snapshot of Ho Chi Minh writing at a table in a garden. The photo was carried by the NVA lieutenant who led the group. On the back he had written a dedication in Vietnamese: "To my three children Tai, Thanh and Lan: a picture of Uncle Ho. This picture was given to me by my closest friend just before leaving for the south on my new mission." It is dated the 20th of January 1966. Below, the man who had given the picture had simply written: "To the brother of Quang."

For the brother of Quang his mission and his life came to an end at exactly 22 minutes past midnight when the Korean ambush squad caught him and his two comrades without cover in the open field and opened up at 50 yards. There was an insane few seconds of the machine gun's heavy hammering, tracers slicing the darkness, screaming then silence. A groan came out of the darkness. The Korean sergeant ordered a grenade flare to be thrown behind the place where the three had fallen. In its eerie sputtering light a man was writhing in the dirt. They gave him a burst of M16 fire, just to make sure he didn't throw any grenades. Then everybody waited for dawn.

The Koreans, who are from the Tiger Division stationed north of Qui Nhon, had been expecting the NVAs. An informer in a nearby village reported that an NVA group were expected that night to pick up rice and medical supplies. They had been that way twice before.

Now the Korean sergeant gives a guttural one word command and his men are on their feet. A small group of men appear out of the tree line 500 yards behind us. They are being guided around the booby traps and mines in the fields. Among them are a Korean major and the U.S. intelligence officer. The major is angry that the bodies are not buried and orders his men to bury them. "They are men. Soldiers like us. They should not be left like that," he explains in short bursts of speech. The air-force intelligence officer, who is dressed in fatigue pants topped with a flowered sport shirt, runs over to take a picture of the corpses. "Hey, they look pretty sick, don't they?" he asks of nobody in particular.

Three pairs of Korean soldiers drag the dead over to where the grave is being dug. An arm falls off one of the bodies. Without a change in expression the soldier goes back to pick it up and put it beside the body.

The intelligence / *continued overleaf*



All over Vietnam, thousands of children, orphans of the war, band together, shine shoes, pick pockets, live in the streets

The people plant rice. The troops bury the peasants. The harvest is hatred

officer is accompanied by a little Vietnamese interpreter who is natily decked out in a camouflage suit with tight tailored pants a red silk scarf around his neck and mirror sunglasses The officer who is over six feet tall leans down and hags the interpreter "Louie you're doing a great job baby But get those goddam PFs away from the captured equipment, will ya" The interpreter grins and shouts at the men from the local village militia who are quietly going through the pathetic pile of belongings They back off and stand there, stone-faced, dressed in black pyjamas carrying their M1 carbines across their shoulders much in the same way they would carry a hoe

Another Korean major arrives and wants to take a picture of the first major with the platoon commander and the squad leader Then the squad leader wants to take a picture of the three officers Then the first major wants to take a picture of the others including the intelligence officer A bizarre scene follows in which everybody seems to be taking pictures of everybody else And behind the sound of the clicking shutters you can hear the dull *thunk thunk* of the trenching tools being used to dig the common grave for the three dead men.

NHA THA ĐỨC BA, the Basilica of Mary, is an enormous ugly brick building that sits tall at the top of Tu Do street which in Vietnamese means Freedom but in Saigon means gin-mill and bar-girl row The city's traffic moves around the church in a noisy confusing whirl A few beggars clog the main doorway Inside, the high walls are a dirty ochre giving the interior a pale yellow light But the walls must be very thick for there is a kind of bleak silence here The benches, brown and splintered, run in endless rows down to the altar where the statue of the Virgin wears a halo of white and blue neon. A few Vietnamese are scattered around the rear of the church praying in oriental postures Up front an old priest, a Frenchman, slowly rocks back and forth in meditation. He looks old and broken.

Around the sides of the church the stations of the cross are arranged in little chapels At the ninth station a young Vietnamese woman with a white stricken face is lighting the nine candles She is dressed in a beautiful blue trailing *dao* and long white silk pants. With her is an older man He places a small block of white tile against the wall Inscribed in blue on the white block is the name of the man they mourn It is not the only name Behind the flickering candles the walls of the chapels are covered with the little white plaques And because there is no room left on some walls the survivors have started to stack them in piles on the floor Some plaques have been knocked over and left to lie in the dust

The young woman gets up from praying and leaving crosses the dirty floor She pauses at the door For a moment her *dao* flutters out like a mourning veil Behind her a black iron fence is silhouetted against the hot yellow sunlight outside Then she is gone and there is a line, a line that floats across the mind It is from Ezra Pound's cantos "Yes dear God my veil caught against the wall, and turning I saw spiked upon it my lives all crucified"

LIEUTENANT PHAM-HONG THAI has the round moon-face of a peasant which he is He is also an officer of the North Vietnamese People's Army And until he was captured he commanded the 2nd Company of the 313 Battalion 42nd Regiment, Brigade 350 of the NVA 5th Division

Now he spends his days sitting crosslegged on the plank floor of a bare open-sided hut Beside him is a green army blanket and a small pile of personal clothing At his feet a tiny, flea-ridden puppy chases its tail He is alone because he is the only officer entreatly in captivity at the divisional headquarters of the Korean Tiger Division just north of Qui Nhon The Koreans have captured more NVA officers and men than any other combat group in Vietnam.

This afternoon Lieutenant Thai has visitors and he looks up almost eagerly, stands and salutes, then shakes hands with the two Korean officers in the traditional Asian manner, using two hands the second closing over the back of the other person's. Everyone squats down Thai is barefoot and has extremely long toenails probably because in confinement he has nothing to trim them with Now he picks away at them somewhat nervously with his fingernails. There are a lot of flies The temperature is 95, and inside the hut, the roof of which consists of heavy tarpaulins the atmosphere is stifling The military-police commander asks one of the guards why there is such a bad smell and tells him to get busy with a can of disinfectant The other Korean officer Major Kim offers Thai a cigarette The lieutenant is grateful, his attitude seemingly one of resignance

He says that he is 27 a farmer, and originally comes from a farming district just north of Hanoi. He was a sergeant and a platoon leader Then his company commander was killed Thai was sent to an officer-training school for three months where he was made a 2nd lieutenant and commander of his company. In February 1967 his brigade left Haiphong to begin a four-month march to reach their tactical area of operations in South Vietnam. They came down the Ho Chi Minh trail through Cambodia and Laos infiltrated across the border into South Vietnam and across the country to the coastal area of Phu Yeng Province where the brigade arrived at the end of May

Thai has slowly smoked half his cigarette Now he carefully butts the end and puts it in a small plastic container

The Vietnamese interpreter who originally comes from Hanoi and carries a year-old rolled-up issue of the English magazine *Encounter* under his arm, carefully examines his boots, saying, "He tells me */ continued overleaf*

The soil is rich, the crops abundant, the land incredibly beautiful A peasant works where tomorrow men may die



Another crop is sown by Korean soldiers as they dig shallow graves for some North Vietnamese troops killed the night before in a Korean ambush



Prisoners, profiteers, VC: They're what the war's about. They've already lost it

that when they arrived only half the brigade was left."

How was he captured?

"On the march he contracted malaria. They had no medical supplies left. On July 5th he was captured wandering along the road to An Hoa village. He was delirious and does not know if he wandered away from his unit or if his comrades left him on the road because they could do no more for him."

Does he know who the president of the United States is?

"Yes. Eisenhower."

Have the Koreans treated him well?

"Yes, well. Only he has no one to talk to. For a long time he wanted to hear somebody speak in his own language and to talk to them. But now he knows there will be nobody to speak to, so he does not think about it anymore."

It's time to go. Thai gets up, shakes hands a little reluctant to see everyone go. Major Kim gives him another cigarette, which he puts away.

Outside, the interpreter drops back and out of earshot of the officers. What will happen to Thai?

"Oh," says the interpreter, "when Intelligence is finished with him, he will be turned over to a prison camp run by the South Vietnamese government."

Conditions there will be a lot worse.

"Yes," says the interpreter, again looking down at his boots, "but then the opportunities to escape will probably be excellent."







Pham Hồng Thái (above left), a North Vietnamese officer, breads in a Korean compound. A boy blackmarketeer (centre) sells stolen American liquor in the streets. While a few miles away, an enemy soldier, hands clutched in death, awaits burial after an ambush.

THERE IS A SPECIAL kind of despair that is unique to wartime military airports in the early hours of the morning. It is 3 a.m. and there are no more flights out of Cam Ranh Bay until 8 a.m. The stranded troops are sprawled on green wooden benches, trying to sleep, shielding their eyes from the light with their caps. Others lie on the grey concrete floor. One of the "cowboy" photographers of the war, complete in camouflage suit, gun belt and ivory-handled Colt .45, spreads a poncho under a bench and goes to sleep. On one area of concrete two rows of men are lying head to head, dozing. One man, an army captain, recognizes another man lying opposite him. Talking softly, they quietly exchange greetings. They're army advisers to Army of the Republic of Vietnam units and they haven't seen each other for a long time. The second man asks about a mutual friend, Sam, also an officer and adviser.

"He got hit south of Hội An."

"Yeah, I know, but what happened?"

He was out with two ARVN companies. It was getting dark and they were pulling back to a perimeter around a church. All of a sudden he looks around and realizes that everyone has gone. The only ones left moving around out there are his own two sergeants and the VC. We had our radio tuned in on his frequency. We heard the whole thing. As the three of them pulled back into the church they were hit by mortar fragments. Sam and one sergeant made it into the church and the other guy hid outside in some bushes. He was lucky. The VC ran right into the church and grabbed Sam and the sergeant. They nailed Sam up on the wall."

"What do you mean they nailed him?"

"They crucified him, man. Then they got his sergeant and put him on the radio. A Marine company on a hill was laying 105s around the church. The VC wanted the sergeant to tell the Marines to hold off. He said, 'They've got us in the church. For Christ's sake *hit* the church.' Then they grabbed the sergeant and nailed him up beside Sam. They cut them both up, cut their guts out. The guy hiding outside heard it all. Then the VC pulled out and left them hanging there."

After a few minutes' silence the two officers talk about other things: their standby numbers for the morning's flight, where to get their travel orders in Saigon. After a while they roll over on their backs, but the captain keeps twitching around in his sleep.

THE TEA IN THE rusty tin can tastes brackish, bitter. The man who gave it to me is dressed in an ARVN uniform. Now he lies back on the bed and through the interpreter asks how old I am and if I have children. In turn I ask what happened in the village of Le So'n last night. But there are only evasions. It was dark, raining, everything was confused; a few houses were burned down by the VC, that is all. Why do you want to know about this? There are more important things going on in Vietnam.

One old man in the corner of the crowded hut keeps trying to say something, but every time he opens his mouth a representative of the National Security Police, dressed in civilian clothes that include a nylon camouflage scarf and a plastic-covered pith helmet, says something to stop him. The corrugated-iron roof makes the hut like an oven, but outside it is worse. The sun beats down on the white sand with an intensity that is almost a physical blow.

Le So'n is a Peace Hamlet, less than 10 miles from Da Nang. Over the past nine months the people have been forcibly brought to live in this treeless sandy waste. In a series of operations the 51st ARVN Regiment destroyed their old homes in the verdant rice fields by the Song Yen, brought them here and promised peace and security.

The people of */ continued on page 60*

OPERATION ZIPPO



BY IAN ADAMS

THE RED CLAY ROAD down Hill 65 opens like a wound to the grey Vietnamese sky. The blurred reflections of heavily burdened men in olive-green uniforms pass over the dark puddles of water on the road. The men move in combat formation in two lines on either side of the road, each man six to eight feet behind the one in front. Suddenly there is an obscene blurt of automatic fire. A couple of the men go down on one knee, weapons at the ready, looking back over their shoulders, a little bewildered. An embarrassed 19 year-old is fumbling with his M16 rifle, repeating, "I had it on safety. I had it on safety." His comrades only curse him.

A few seconds later, a tall, bespectacled young Marine correspondent called Fitzpatrick hurries forward. "I'm not staying back with those buoys [greenhorns]," he says. "They almost got me." He needn't have hurried. The boots hit him a few hours later with a short mortar round.

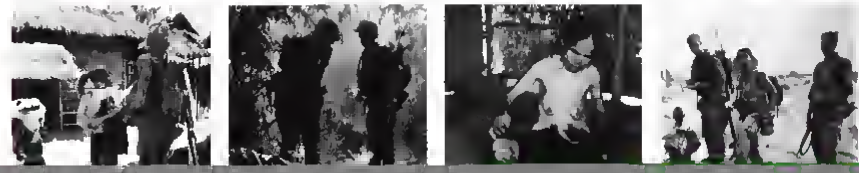
This is the beginning of Operation Zippo and the men are of Lima Company, 3rd Battalion, 7th Regiment, 1st Division of the United States Marine Corps. The commanding officer is Captain Matt Marshall. He has a full company of three platoons, 160 men, plus another 40 men who make up the mortar, engineer and medical corps attachments. For most of Lima Company it is their first time in combat. It is Captain Marshall's first operation. He has been in Vietnam two months. The lieutenants leading the 1st and 2nd Platoons are also new, so are most of the NCOs. Only a few of the squad leaders have been around any length of time. Despite their inexperience, the Marines are in superb physical condition. Even the 40-year-old top sergeant has nu gut.

Like most military plans on paper, Operation Zippo is simple, almost beautifully so. Immediately below Hill 65 flows the Sông Vu Gia. South of the river is a free-fire zone, which means the U.S. forces can shoot and bomb anything that moves out there. It also means it's Viet Cong-controlled territory. The plan is to cross the Sông Vu this morning, establish a perimeter around six square miles that will encompass the rice fields on the south side of the river, then bring over from the north side some 400 Vietnamese civilians to harvest the VC rice. In a way it's retaliation against the VC units who keep coming north across the river to the American side to exact rice taxes from the civilians in Dai Loc. The whole operation is supposed to take three days.

To assist Marshall in securing his perimeter, he has the 92nd and 82nd Popular Force platoons of the Dai Lôc area militia. The PF militia has been training for three months under officers of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. And that's where Operation Zippo begins to fall apart. To use Vietnamese civilians and militia units means secrecy is nonexistent. Charlie, as the Marines call the VC, knows Lima Company is on its way. He even said so last night over a portable loudspeaker that moved up and down the river bank in the darkness. "Soldiers of the American Imperialist Army, we know you are coming across the river tomorrow. We are ready for you. If you do not want to die, surrender with your arms and you will be treated well."

And if the VC had any doubts well here in the early dawn is Lima Company, coming down the hill in full view of the enemy-held territory where, according to intelligence reports, a battalion of Viet Cong and a battalion of the North Vietnamese Army are waiting.

At the staging / continued on page 48



It was just a short three-day operation, a small military-civilian affair quickly forgotte

The plan for Operation Zippo is simple. The 200 Marines of Lima Company, assisted by two platoons of Vietnamese militia, will cross south over the Sông Vu Gia at dawn and sweep through the Viet Cong controlled area. After detaining the VC suspects (photos at right are keyed to numbers on map) and placing a protective cordon around the paddy fields, the Marines will bring 400 peasants from the pacified side to harvest the VC rice. A nice simple idea. So why didn't it work? For the answer, start reading.

MEMOIRS OF A NICE GUY WHO JUST DID HIS JOB



BY LAMAR CASON
as told to CATHERINE BRESLIN

Lamar Cason (at left) is 29 years old and looks older. He's six foot three, 200 pounds, with blue eyes and graying black hair. He flies small jets on weekends for the U. S. Naval Reserve and big Pan Am jets (DC-8s) on international runs for a living. He still sometimes rents a two-seater just to take a spin. His bachelor pad is a Manhattan duplex with fireplace, terrace, dishwasher and two bathrooms. He brings home furniture from Copenhagen, wine from Portugal, French bread from Paris. His favorite town is London — "an atmosphere more than anything else." He subscribes to The New York Times, The New Yorker, Business Week *and* Evergreen Review, *and he's read most of the books you've always meant to. His favorite music is the hillbilly saga of his native South Carolina. He admits to being a gentle man, a complicated man. But happy? "I don't know." He'd walk 10 miles, hung over, to see a football game. He once wrecked up two motorcycles; now drives a red convertible. He'll make $13,000 this year. Girls like him fine. He's got it made — at least until that man in the White House calls up the reserves and this nice guy turns back into a professional killer.*

IF YOU'RE IN A WAR you might as well use weapons that kill people. Napalm, I think is no less humane than other ways. For a while they were passing along propaganda that when it went off it actually sucked the oxygen out of the lungs. We didn't hear much of that later but I still think they die from it with no more suffering than most ways of dying.

I dropped a lot of napalm in the 85 missions I flew over North and South Vietnam as an attack pilot off the carrier Bon Homme Richard. I napalmed huts, bombed forests and bridges, strafed trains and people running across the fields. It's just the nature of guerrilla warfare. I also got shot at innumerable times, went down twice in emergency landings, watched some guys crack up physically and a couple mentally. That's the other side of war.

When I was fighting that war I believed it was right. Now, two years later, I don't know what the answers are. I'm no pacifist and I'll fight again if I have to. But I just think that war is wrong.

Most of us never had the feeling of horror that people would think you'd have from killing people. It turns out a lot like the Nazis, I guess — you do the job you're trained to do. If you let it get you down, if you go in there worrying about women and children, you can't do your job. It's a matter of survival, really — you've got to be able to fly that machine well all the time, and you can't if you're up there haggling with your conscience. You've got to be just a bit cold about it, accept the idea that you're going to make mistakes — and all of us did.

There are times you *know* you've gotten the VC, like once when a guy dropped his napalm right in the trench they were all in. You could see it shooting out in a straight line, just a little streak of fire down the trench, usually there's a great glow going up.

But after a while you also knew there was a good chance you'd been killing innocent people in the South. (Most of us left — I did, too — that those people in the North were all the enemy.) We started getting back press releases on so many "suspected Viet Cong" killed, which often means civilians, women and children. But down South you always had a Forward Air Controller in an Air Force L-19, a kind of Piper Cub, directing all your hits by dropping a smoke bomb on your target. That guy took your conscience for you, and you said, "Screw it."

I think it got to me more after the whole thing was over, after I left the navy. I'm not sure it's really a conscience problem now. But in the great crush some things had gone wrong — means, ends, it's hard to say. Now I don't know. Mainly, I don't believe we can win that war.

But I'm in the Naval Reserve, mostly because I enjoy flying the planes, enjoy it as much as anything I know. And I won't say I wouldn't go into it again if I were called up. I sure as hell wouldn't enjoy it very much. But I'd go, and probably change my views again — for my own survival.

All through training they told us that to be a good attack or fighter pilot you had to be prepared to kill people. Most thought consciously about that—like me—and some went other directions in training because of it. But, of course, this was the glamorous part of naval aviation — the most sophisticated planes and the hardest flying. The term was "tiger"; they were looking for guys who were tigers.

After 17 months of flight training in Florida and Texas I went to Lemoore, California, where for four months they polish you up for the fleet, teach you how to drop bombs, shoot rockets, land on carriers, fly low-level under enemy radar to deliver an atom bomb. One day my best friend in the squadron flew into a hill. That night I went out alone and got drunk, and never made a close friend among the aviators after that. You did that for your own protection, so you wouldn't worry too much about them and get yourself killed.

I'd joined Attack Squadron VA 196, 18 pilots flying A-1 Skyraiders, most of them junior officers close to my age, which was 25. All of a sudden you're a "nugget," which means you haven't yet made a combat cruise, and everybody jumps up and down on a nugget about everything, including his flying, to see if he can take it. I couldn't, so they gave it to me that much harder.

It's unfair but it serves a purpose — it hardens you. You become suspicious as hell of everything. You learn not to show a reaction. Now it's hard for anybody to bug me.

After six months we were sent to our ship, the Bon Homme Richard, a small attack carrier with a crew of 3,000, 70 or 80 planes and about 120 pilots. In January 1964 we sailed to Hawaii and the Philippines, Hong Kong and Japan. For a few months we played war, practised invasions, aerobatics and formations, just to keep our proficiency up.

At that time the navy had almost nobody over in Vietnam. But toward the end of our nine-month cruise, after the Gulf of Tonkin incident, the navy started flying very secret missions low over the Plain of Jarres in Laos, providing cover for the photo-reconnaissance planes. I got in four missions over Laos before we sailed back to home base in October 1964, scheduled to make a Mediterranean cruise in March — the main reason I'd joined the navy. A week before we left we found out they'd known for some time we were going back to Vietnam. So we headed on out, everybody damn bitter.

By this time regular missions were being flown over Vietnam. They gave us different briefings and another survival school and started us off easy — in the South. The biggest guns the VC had down there were rifles and 50-mm machine guns, and most planes will take a rifle shot and hardly show it. In the North they had stuff that could knock you down anywhere. We were getting clobbered. And that was when */ continued on page 56*



Cason as Navy pilot in Vietnam: "You worry about getting killed — not about killing"

"You might as well use weapons that kill. Napalm is no less humane than others"

THE SEXUAL WARFARE OF SAIGON'S BAR GIRLS

BY GOFFREDO PARISE

PROSTITUTION IN SAIGON has its own special characteristics. The most obvious is xenophobia. Thirty thousand girls work in the 1,429 bars in Saigon, Gia Dinh and Bien Hoa but very few of them will spend the night with a foreigner. There are 14,000 brothels in Saigon, but most of the women, girls and children who work in them will refuse a customer who is not Vietnamese.

Another feature of prostitution in Saigon is that it has all the appearances of prostitution right up to the moment when the money is paid. Payment is always in advance, and as soon as it is made the woman almost always disappears. Prostitution is only one of the many cogs in the mechanism of the immense swindle that lies at the basis of the Saigon economy. The simplest and oldest law of economics — paying out money to receive something in return — does not apply to this city. This extraordinary situation, which can make you feel like a sleepwalker in a dream world, makes Saigon and South Vietnam unique.

The Vietnamese women are among the most beautiful women in the world. To describe a Vietnamese woman one must describe the way she moves: she has the natural elegance, the litheness and the authority of a fox headed toward some prey. This prey is the United States.

The Americans, to find a girl, go to the thousands of bars that are lined up like booths at a fair, along the main streets of Saigon. Every evening they wander around the streets where the asphalt is warm and soft and studded with beer-bottle caps and where the air is a white and poisonous cloud of exhaust fumes. Their faces are lit by the neon signs of the bars — "Eldorado," "Miami," "Tahiti," "California," "Dramond" — while a crowd of cunning little black men drive round and round them in small cars, circling and manoeuvring closer and closer with a deafening uproar until their victims have been hemmed in so closely that they are forced to climb in. If they do succeed in escaping from this swarm of motorized pimps, they still have to get beyond the *cycle-pousses* (bicycle rickshaws) waiting in ambush in every dark corner or at cross-





Waging a sort of erotic guerrilla warfare, lithesome bar girls (like the one at left) cunningly fleece the disdained Americans with empty promises of sex, then leave their prey to street prostitutes (above)

roads and cutting in front of them, the drivers repeating the same few phrases in English: "Nice girl, very young girl, girl number one, fokr foki, exciting movie." Finally they enter one of the bars.

This is the moment when tens of thousands of Vietnamese girls begin their fraudulent, parasitic work, clinging to the body of a GI like smiling and very delicate little spiders, and every evening, in the darkness of the private rooms, there begins once again a colossal practical joke at the expense of the conventional, industrial and puritan ethics of American civilization. The bars, in fact, are a masterpiece of Vietnamese cunning, a sort of erotic guerrilla warfare which, in its methods and results, can be compared with the tactics of the Viet Cong. This is how it works.

A young GI comes back from one of the war zones after months of exhausting missions searching the forests where, more often than not, he has succeeded in finding absolutely nothing. He goes to Saigon on leave and the first thing he wants is a girl. He has two ideas of what Vietnamese girls are like. One, which he has gotten from films and paperbacks, is the conventional Technicolor picture of the Asiatic woman as a gentle, extremely feminine, submissive and tender-hearted creature who falls in love with a foreigner — something on the lines of *Suvenara* or *Madame Butterfly*. The second and opposite idea is the one put over by the announcements on the armed forces television programs in which the Vietnamese woman is depicted as grasping, cunning and avaricious. These announcements, which, in line with the usual American methods, may interrupt a crime movie at its high point of suspense, show the GI a house, a car and a pile of dollars. Do you want them? They're yours. How? Save your money, don't waste it on *Saigonite* (the tiny cups of tea that the girls drink and which cost about 200 *piastres* each). Keep away from the bars in Saigon.

The young GI is confused. Somewhere between these two pictures there exists the reality, the warm smooth body of the girl standing next to him in the dark bar. Her chirruping voice whispers words of love to him and she fondles his hand while he kisses and strokes her face. After a few hours the boy suggests that they spend the night together. The girl is shocked. She says that her body is too small and fragile and the American is far too big; they're out of proportion. This phrase, which is a standard part of the repertory of the bars, appeals either to the young man's better feelings or else to his conventional ideas of love in the East. He decides that they need time, at least a couple of evenings, and that they should "be in love." The next evening he comes back to the bar, but the girl can't go to bed with him that evening because her grandmother is sick, maybe tomorrow evening. The boy goes back the next evening — in fact, he spends all the evenings of his leave in the bar.

Gradually, without realizing it, he falls into a state of morose drunkenness. Every so often he becomes suspicious. Sometimes when he leaves he sees the girl laughing as she gets onto the back of a motor scooter driven by a young man who is waiting for her. The GI asks who he is. My brother, or my husband who treats me badly and takes all my money, or my father who is very strict and won't allow me to go home by myself.

Finally, the last evening comes around. This time the girl has promised that she'll spend the night with him. She gets up, goes to the toilet and disappears. It's half past 11, getting close to the hour of the curfew. The young man looks for her, he throws himself against the door of the toilet and starts hammering on it with his fists. He's thrown out of the bar, which is closing, and finds himself out in the street — drunk, alone and unhappy. But here once again are all the pimps and touts. Indefatigable children swarm around him, prodding him with bamboo sticks tipped with little pieces of sugar cane.

"But don't they complain?" I asked a bar owner, a Vietnamese woman of about 35 who spoke fluent French and wore European clothes. She had a large diamond ring on her finger.

"Of course the GIs complain, but it doesn't do them any good and they always end up by coming back.

continued on page 46



Try buying SOUP from a stall

TAKE AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR and a French flea market toss in a few Jewish butcher shops, West Indian fruit stores, Dutch cheese shops, Portuguese bakeries, combine them with a mélange of vegetable stalls and what you come up with is Toronto's Kensington Market. There are only two other markets in North America even vaguely comparable — one in Rhode Island and another in Los Angeles. Kensington Market has been threatened with extinction almost every year since it began as a Jewish immigrants market in 1910 but it hangs on, spilling over sidewalks and trampling several dozen bylaws and expends each year. It no longer belongs to any single ethnic group or to any social class. Every day chic town house matrons, middle-class housewives, and bargain-hunting pensioners jostle each other to get the best fruit and vegetables. Merchants hawk their produce at the top of their lungs, tempting you to buy before the best goods are all sold. And I am in it all of it — the exotic smells, the gaudy trinkets, brightly colored clothes, red-eyed chickens waiting for death, bin baskets of cereals, beans, red peppers, bright vegetables, issue dreams of thick, rich soup. What follows is the result of many walks through Kensington Market.

Minestrone

1 cup dried cranberry beans
¼ pound diced salt pork
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
2 quarts beef stock
4 carrots
4 celery stalks
4 to 5 tomatoes (fresh or canned)
1 green pepper
1 sweet red pepper
4 sprigs chicory
½ lb green beans, cut diagonally
1 cup frozen peas
2 cups elbow macaroni
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Finely chopped parsley
Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Soak beans overnight. Drain. Simmer beans in 4 cups salted water for 2 hours. Drain. Sauté salt pork in a large heavy saucepan or Dutch oven, until brown. Sauté garlic and onion with pork until golden. Add beef stock, simmer gently while preparing vegetables. Cut vegetables in fairly large pieces. Add all vegetables except peas to beef stock, cover, bring to a boil, then reduce heat and simmer for about 1½ hours. Twenty minutes before serving, add frozen peas and macaroni. Return to a boil and simmer until macaroni is tender. Season to taste and just before serving stir in finely chopped parsley and freshly grated Parmesan.

Basic beef soup stock

2 lbs beef shank bone
2 marrow bones
3 quarts cold water
2 stalks celery, tops included
1 onion, coarsely chopped
2 carrots, coarsely cut
1 clove garlic
1 Bouquet Garni (parsley, sprig thyme, 1 bay leaf)
Salt and freshly ground black pepper

Have butcher crack bones. Scrape marrow from bones and melt in a large kettle. In this, lightly brown the bones and any meat on the bones, together with coarsely chopped onion. Add celery, carrots, garlic and Bouquet Garni. Cover with cold water and bring slowly to a boil and simmer gently for 2 hours. Add salt and pepper to taste, continue simmering for at least another hour — the longer the better. Remove bones and any scum that has formed. Allow to cool and skim off fat.

Meatless barszcz

2 tbsp pure vegetable oil
2 tbsp butter
½ cup finely chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 cup chopped mushrooms
6 cups water
2 cans (7½ oz) tomato sauce
1 cup thinly sliced carrots
2 cups finely chopped potatoes
1 cup diced celery
2 medium beets, grated
3 peppercorns
2 cups shredded cabbage
1 tbsp lemon juice
2 tbsp flour
½ cup sour cream

Sauté onion, garlic and mushrooms in vegetable oil and butter. Add water, tomato sauce, carrots, potatoes, celery, beets and peppercorns. Bring to boil, cover and cook for about 15 minutes. Add shredded cabbage and cook for about 10 minutes longer. Add lemon juice. Blend flour with sour cream and stir into soup. Bring just to boil and serve immediately. (6 to 10 servings.)





Yes, soup in a can is more convenient. But at Toronto's Kensington Market, you can buy your ingredients fresh, wild, cheap—and even alive





PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT BELL

John Romanelli is 16. He shoots pool. He has a manager, and he plays by appointment only. Two years from now, when he's old enough to step into a poolroom legally, he could be the best player in the country. Want to beat him? Your only chance is to get ready now. So listen carefully: what follows is our step-by-step treatise on

HOW TO HUSTLE JOHNNY



NO POINT GETTING scared but you have to remember the kid will be tough. Started shooting pool before he was 10, up in his father's establishment in North Toronto. By the time he was 12, he'd given up bubble gum, bicycles and TV watching in favor of four hours' daily practice. "Johnny loved the game," says Old Man Romanelli, "but he had to learn to judge the types who play it. You have to travel to find good games. You're on your own then. No one protects you. I wanted Johnny to learn that from the start."

Johnny was a good pupil. His game is snooker, where you have 15 red balls and six colored ones and the object is to pocket them in succession. A perfect score is 147, but for most players, running 100 points in succession is the poolhall equivalent of a royal flush. Johnny practised for 1,000 hours trying to make that century, getting 80, occasionally the odd 90. Once he came home crying — *crying!* — because he'd only run 97. But a year ago, at the age of 15, he finally made his 100. He's done it four times since, each time getting congratulations from *Billiards & Snooker, The Official Journal of the Games.* This so impressed the august gentlemen who run the world's snooker championship in Leeds, England, that last January they invited Johnny over to witness the matches. Today, when most boys his age are still contending with acne, Johnny Romanelli is the essence of Cool: sharp dresser, non-smoker, no small talk. He completes his trade school course in oil-burner service this year, but Johnny intends to be a pool player all his life.

"I want four," he says. "I don't care about money. When you're somebody, the money takes care of itself. I'd never hustle, making people think I'm worse than I am. I'll just walk into a room and tell the best player that I'm good and I want to play. The rest is up to him."

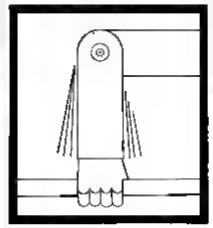
What makes Johnny so good? It's the fine points — a move here, a few clues there. Johnny has these moves. You haven't. So let's look at the crucial fine points that have made Old Man Romanelli's boy so good — the fine points that could help you beat him.

PRODUCED BY JON ESY/JOHN ZICHMANIS

1 Pinocchio, the man with the golden arm.

For a perfect stroke, your elbow must be a hinge. Your forearm hangs straight down, but you still take a quick look back to make sure. Everything is in line: the ball, the cue, your shoulder and elbow are all in a row.

Now for the payoff: the fundamental guide to good pool, when you stroke *nothing, nothing moves except the striking arm.* Shoot from



the elbow, never from the shoulder. Your forearm pistons ahead in a smooth slide, keeping the cue low and level through the whole stroke. You know everything is nice and tight as you feel your thumb brush past your side.

In Toronto's Derby Billiards, Doc Cassidy beats sick games at five bucks a visit. Nine out of 10, he says, the trouble is a wobbly stroke. The Doctor's cure: Put an empty pop bottle in place of the cueball. Then, with a slow, steady rhythm, slide the cue in and out of the bottle without touching the sides.

One more thing: keep the back swing short, five inches or so. A short, smooth stroke is the good trueman's giveaway. To see it done right, watch somebody like Indian Joe in Calgary or old Cannonball in Toronto's Olympia. But if the old man gets mad, keep your head down. You'll see why they call him Cannonball.

2 Never let them break your thumbs. It ruins your hands.

Poor Paul Newman. The poor losers who got to him in *The Hustler* knew what good hands mean to a shooter.

Consider the open bridge Romanelli uses. You flatten your left hand on the table, fingers apart. Now pull them in, straight, still and apart. Cock the thumb high, making a groove for the cue to snuggle into. If it feels shaky, press the index finger down on the cloth as hard as you can. The rest of the hand follows and stiffens just right.

Down Stateside, Minnesota Fats, Jersey Red and all that bunch use the closed bridge. The idea is about the same as the open bridge; the difference is you wrap your index finger around the cue. Now it's tough to argue with fellows shooting 50 bucks a ball, but you might remember this: they play straight pool, not snooker. Small table, large heavy balls, big pockets. They need power first, accuracy second. But snooker takes accuracy. And Joe Davis ruled as undefeated snooker champ of the world for 20 years using the open bridge.

The right hand gives you touch. Touch is hard to describe, but try working the cue the same way you'd iron a shirt. Firm but sensitive. The cue rests in all five fingers, but the thumb and the first two do the work. The tip here is the knuckles: if the cue is snuggled in good and proper, the line of your knuckles is level with the cue.

3 Stand back from the ball, show some respect.

The cueball hates to be crowded. Put at least 12 to 15 inches of cue between it and the bridge hand. Like everything else in snooker, stance and movement demand a routine, so *before* you approach the ball, stand back and plan the stroke. Now, walk into the shot.



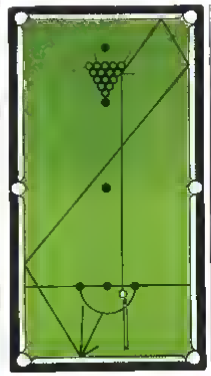
Step up to the ball from directly behind it and bend low to aim.

Your left arm stiffens on the table. You force the arm out, far out, until you feel the tension strain the shoulder. Your body is pushed away from the cueball, but the farther away you are, the more cue barrel you have to sight with.

You're really low now. The cue is digging a smooth rut in your chin. Your eye skims along the shaft, fixing on the ball to be potted. Your head is down and frozen.

The right leg is ramrod stiff, knee straight and rigid. Slide your right foot back until it feels comfortable. Now back a little more.

Now lean forward. As you point your left toe in line with the shot, your left knee bends and takes most of your weight. You're set solid.



ABOVE: *John's favorite opener. Cueball hit medium-hard on right-hand side, aimed at the outside of the second row of reds. Cueball returns to hide near cushion.*

RIGHT: *Easier than the first break, but if hit right, still effective. Cueball hit medium soft, dead centre. The trick is to nick a thin slice of the outside red in the last row. Weakness: not enough reds broken out if you have a good second shot.*

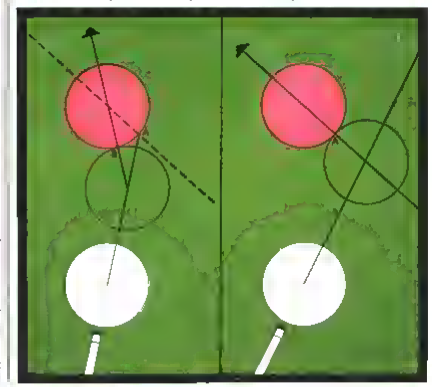


How important is a good break? Play it carefully and the opposition never gets a chance to get off the ground. John recalls: "I'm playing this guy, and I know he's not bad. I break. I hit it just right, leave him behind the brown ball and now he has nothing to shoot at. He stabs at it, barely hits a red and leaves me open. I run out all the reds and colors and make 120 points. My first century."

4 If you miss the easy ones, you need glasses. To study some theory with.

WRONG: The dotted line is the path to the pocket. You know that if the pink ball is going to follow this path, the cueball has to contact the pink at point A. Naturally, you aim for A. Yet you have made no allowance for the width of the cueball, so it actually contacts the pink at point B. Result: pink is sent off in the wrong direction (arrow).

RIGHT: Imagine another ball (outlined) behind the pink in line with the path to the pocket. Now aim the cueball to take the place of this imaginary ball. Result: cueball contacts the pink at desired point A. The moral: aim for an *area* the width of the ball, not a point the size of a pinhead: you hit the point automatically. (And when you sink a ball, memorize the angles for the next time.)

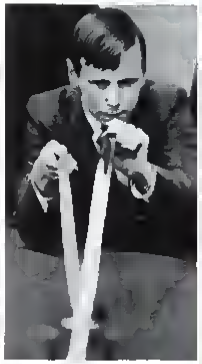


Continued overleaf

5 Matt Dillon would never rent a gun. Buy your own cue.

A cue is an instrument, not a club. It is as delicate as a violin and considerably cheaper. Cues start at five dollars, but you have to pay $20 for a two-piece ivory-joint one like Romanelli's. A good player knows instantly when a cue is out of line and when he finds one to his liking, he never parts with it. Paul Thornley, winner of CBC's national snooker tournament, toted down $200 for his.

One theory has it that the perfect snooker cue should weigh 18 ounces, ten times the weight of the cueball. The English professionals tend to play with lighter cues, mostly 16½ or 17. Young John uses a 20-ounce, a holdover from the early days when he depended on the cue to do the heavy

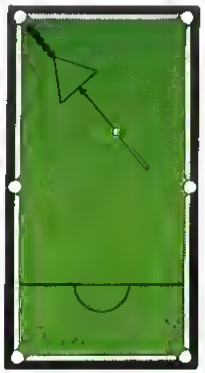


work for him. In general, a heavy cue is better for you than a light one because the extra weight makes you more accurate.

If you do have to use a cue off the rack, look for the ounces stamped on the butt, and use the same weight all the time. Roll it gently on the table top to test its straightness. If it wobbles, get another. Stick with a medium-size tip. Eleven millimetres is best. The smaller the tip, the greater the chance the cue will be crooked.

When you can't reach the ball, don't be afraid to use the rake (or rest, as some call it). Accept the fact that it cuts your effectiveness by 60 percent, so scale down your hopes likewise. Leave the fancy shot for when you can reach it.

Young John is an exception — he uses the rake beautifully. When he learned to play, his arms were too short and the rake became his long third arm. Still, he plays it with care, rake fairly close to the ball, he keeps the stroke short and simple.



6 The trick shot for fun and profit.

FOR FUN: Announcement heralds the Freight Car Shot wherein five balls will be made into the same pocket with one shot. Ignoring the disbelieving crowd, set up the balls as in the diagram above. Make sure the tip of the triangle touches the balls and is lined up with the centre of the pocket. With flourish, hit the triangle with a good solid shot. All the balls enter pocket with a bang as you exit in awed silence.

FOR PROFIT: Chalk a three-inch circle around centre spot. Place nine ball on spot and a dime on top of the ball. Offering the cueball, you challenge anyone to knock the dime off the blue ball and out of the circle. Success keeps the coin. Failure loses it.

After all and various have tried and failed, you offer for a fee to perform what is now considered impossible. Nudge the cueball very, very gently so that it just barely reaches the blue ball. The blue slowly turns over, the coin rolls out of the circle and you roll up your dimes. *Warning*: This shot takes good touch, so practise it in the privacy of your own home table (about which you can learn below).

7 Your own table. No castle should be without one

Of course, tables have changed since the day the Queen of England dropped a close one to the Dowager Empress of Russia down at the old king's palace in Copenhagen. Today tables are small, light and affordable. And about 20,000 tables have found their way into private homes so far.

An "official" table must be twice as long as it is wide. The ideal table size for the average suburban basement seems to be 4½ by 9 feet, though you need at least another 4½ feet of free space all around.

After building tables for 27 years, Tom Chapman insists, "A real snooker table must have a slate top. Anything else is a toy. Slate won't warp, wears well, stays smooth." The cognoscenti demand Portuguese slate, though the softer Italian kind will do.

But even on a small table, cushions and cloth should be the best you can afford. Always *brush* the cloth clean — never vacuum — it lifts the cloth and weakens the joints between the slate slabs.

The cost? Count on around $850 for a slate top table, half that for one with a composite surface. Accessories included. Heaven is a six by 12 Brunswick Gold Crown Weight, 2,900 pounds. The price: $2,100.

Also: Uncle Wally's old relic in the basement might be worth restoring, providing the slate is intact. New rubber and cloth, $120. Transport and assembly, around $75. Add another $100 for English balls, cues, Lily of the Valley talcum powder, etc. For $300 you have a royal billiards room that the Queen herself might have envied.

8 When things get tough...

Snooker is a pressure cooker. "The nicer game," Gentleman Harvey Rothwell calls it. "If you make a mistake you not only hurt yourself, you help the other man. He makes a ball, that ball stays down and your chances get less. He kills you by degrees." After 10,000 hours of killing and being killed, The Gentleman admits, "Before you can win you must be ready to lose."

In the States the game is much less Christian. You want to win and anything goes. If a man plays fast, you walk, talk and smile slow. If he likes to take his time, you keep checking your watch. He's getting ready to shoot to finish you off, so you blow your nose out of misery. You leave him a setup, but you count the points out loud before he makes it. If he likes to use the chalk a lot, you steal it.

Last year Paul Thornley slipped down to Detroit testing the local talent. Three hundred a game. Game ball and the home boy tightens up and leaves it over the pocket. Just as Paul pulls back the cue to pick up the marbles, the other guy rolls a ball under the table. Out of nowhere, a little brown terrier yelps after the ball, almost takes a nip out of young Thornley's leg. Thornley makes the shot anyway.

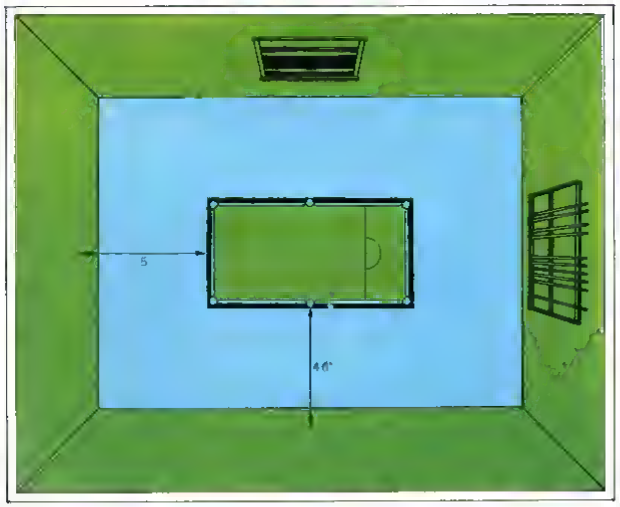
Here in Canada, things are much subtler. "A good player respects the other man and expects the same," says George Chenier, the dean of Canadian snooker players. "It's a tough, tough game, and there are so many things that can break you. When you've been through it yourself, you know how the other fellow feels, and you just don't think of doing all these little things to him. If you're a better player, you win."

But even the little things don't seem to bother young Romanelli. His father confesses: "When he was young, I tried doing everything to him. Called him names, tried to make him mad, humiliated him, rushed him, slowed him down. I knew if he didn't learn how to handle it then, someday somewhere some guy was going to drive him crazy. The result is, says John with a gentle smile: "I play best when I am mad. You get me behind and mad and I really turn on."

So what do you do against the kid? Forget him. When it's your turn to shoot, it's just you against the table. And get your thinking in shape: think precise, think order. *Build up a sequence you follow every time you step up to shoot.* Decide the *position* you want in the next shot. Decide the *force* you need to hit with. Decide *the point of aim, the angle.* Now that you're that far, concentrate. Stick to your decision even if the guy at the next table shoots himself.

What about the days when you play like you left your game at the popcorn factory? First, see if your sequence has been upset somewhere. If you normally play fast, maybe you're playing too slowly now that you're worried. Get a friend to watch for mistakes. Don't get scared. Play the shot as you do any other day.

And listen to Gentleman Harvey. The game isn't confidence. I hate that word. Confidence only follows performance, and if performance goes, you don't have a leg left to stand on. You need *determination*, not confidence. When Churchill faced the Germans, he didn't have an ounce of confidence left. All he had was determination. You understand?" ★







ROCK & ROLL

Music makes fashion

The Beatles first looked East in 1965, when George Harrison took up the sitar (that's one shown above). Now...they not only have their own guru to consult, they've adopted the Guru Look in dress. The look spread to hippies, in fact to anyone in both sexes who cared about clothes. Designers who'd once love scorned such a source of inspiration know better now. What Rock groups wear, young people are sure to follow. Later this year there will be blouses, caftans and other Orientalia available for men. But at the moment, it's confined to women. From the left: Two-piece Edwardian lace dress from The Poupée Rouge, Toronto and Montreal, and Hudson's Bay stores, $69; vinyl boots from the French Room, Toronto, $20; Guru pant suit by John Warden, Montreal, $200 (it's made of completely uncrushable crepe); three-piece velvet suit by Irving Samuels (available across Canada), $100; velvet Russian shirt by Myrl Andrew, Toronto, $25; corduroy trousers, $18.50; suit, $80 — both from Le Château, Montreal; flowered shirt, $12; tie, $3.50, from The House of Lords, Toronto. Men's shoes are from Ingeberg's, Toronto.



The Kensington Market, a Toronto Rock group, demonstrate how musicians have influenced what's happening in fashion

Besides the Guru Look, Rock groups have brought back the costumed grace of the Edwardian period. They revived interest in all sorts of old clothes, including uniforms old and new (the Mao collar is now a classic). Even ruffles are having a comeback. The suits here were designed in Montreal — a great city for man watchers. The effect they've created there is elegant masculinity: a complement to the increasing femininity of women's clothes. Men's outfits designed by Le Château, Montreal, from the left: Mao-collared suit, $70; grey elephant pants, about $18; redingote suit, $100; Purple shirt, $12.50, lace cuffs $4, striped tie, $3.50; white shirt, $12; lace jabot, $6.50; cuffs, $4 — all from The House of Lords, Toronto. Women's outfits show both the Edwardian and Indian influence: pleated crepe dress (left) by John Warden, Montreal, $125; silver thigh-high boots from Simpson's, Toronto, $25. Rajah coat by The Poupée Rouge, $95; velvet pant suit by Myrl Andrew, $75 (with skirt, $100); blouse and jabot, $35; buckled shoes from The French Room, $29.

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS/PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNAUD MAGGS



They've made it: The Kensington Market (clockwise from bottom: Jimmy Watson, Keith McKie, Alex Daron, Gene Martynec and Luke Gibson). But is Canadian rock really going anywhere?

CANADA'S ROCK SCENE: GOING, GOING...

BY JACK BATTEN

THE THOUGHT at first crossed a few minds that it might all be a large hype, so much PR man's big-mouthing. But there was the word anyway, passing around in the right circles. It started in the winter of 1967. "Toronto," Bob McAdorey said at the time (he's the music director at CHUM, the flag rock 'n' roll station in Canada), "is just like Liverpool before the Beatles made it." "There is this incredible group from Toronto called The Paupers," Richard Goldstein, rock critic, wrote last February in the *Village Voice*. "They swooped out of nowhere, from a scene nobody knew about, and suddenly they were playing real electronic music with a teenage audience screaming allegience in the background." *The Saturday Evening Post* detected the trend in July. "Toronto is becoming one of the [rock] music capitals of North America." And by the fall the word turned into a gospel that no one really *aware* was about to deny. "American interests," murmured Brian (Prez) Skinner, CHUM's most popular disc jockey, "are already looking around the Toronto scene."

A rock capital in *Canada*?! The concept, hype or no hype, is staggering. Rock 'n' roll — the background music of the hippie life, the anthems of teenyboppers everywhere, the most monied pop music of all, the sounds of storied and remarkable performers, The Lovin' Spoonful, The Doors, The Mothers of Invention, the first pop music to achieve acceptance, through the experiments of the Beatles, as an art form. Has Canada brought something original and fresh to all of this? Is there a new quirky rhythm in the air over Toronto? What is it that's different about rock in Toronto? Is there a sound to capture? Does Toronto Rock actually exist?

WHAT TORONTO sets out with at least are the three bases on which a rock dynasty is founded: a Top-40 radio station recording studios, and a milieu where the men-boys who play rock can learn the trade.

The station is CHUM or, more specifically, Bob McAdorey, the man who has the last word on the records CHUM airs. "Bob McAdorey is Mr. Music in Canada," says Ian Tyson. "When Sylvia and I made *Lovin' Feeling* early last year, I took the first tape to McAdorey because I know if he plays a song, every rock station from Newfoundland to the Rockies will fall in line."

What the groups want from CHUM is simple exposure to an audience that will turn out for them at local clubs and dance halls. That's where the money is, where it isn't is in the record sales. Twenty-five thousand, a stunning figure in Canada, is our equivalent of a golden million-disc sale in the U.S. It still translates peanuts. "If McAdorey went on the lake, he's in a position where

/ *continued on page 39*

CANADA'S ROCK SCENE *continued from page 34*

How do you make it? Get a "sound"

theoretically he could be a rich man," says Bill Gilliland of Arc [Canada] Records. "But he isn't because one he's too straight, and two, if you set out to bribe him to give your record a lot of play, you wouldn't make enough bread on the sales to earn back the bribe."

You might as well put your money down at the track, says the Great Music Director himself, as gamble it on a Canadian hit record.

Part of the gamble for Canadian groups is cutting their records in Toronto's own studios. There are four of them — RCA Victor, Bay, Arc, Sound Canada, Hallmark — and they're making a beginning at establishing a local industry. A small beginning: in 1966 Toronto produced about 200 rock singles, modest beside the hordes of singles churned out in the U.S. One trouble, it's hinted, may be that for all their multi-thousand dollar electronic equipment and their diabolically talented engineers, the four studios still don't measure up. The Toronto studios produce, a distortion," says Ray Purdue of the Stormy Clovers. "It's well less than *excellent* sound." And while Ian and Sylvia rehearse their new music at RCA in Toronto, they slip into New York when it's taping time.

Yorkville Village does measure up. In the East Village in New York or Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco. It's an area that reads hippie, weirdsville, in the old folks' refuge to runaway teenyhippers and a place to play for rock musicians. Yorkville is where it all happens," says Chuck Beal. The Paupers' lead guitarist. "There's a whole special mood there, and it gives a lot of bands a chance to play six nights a week and to compete against the band next door." There are depending on which night you happen to be making your count, five to eight Yorkville clubs devoted to rock. And they vary in their attitude to the music. Bohus Red Gas, for instance, is reserved for creative Beatle oriented bands; the Penny Farthing goes in for more conventional, less experimental folk-rock sounds. But one thing all the clubs boast are hip, nearly rapturous audiences; they're as knowledgeable in their groovy way as the hockey crowds who turn out at Maple Leaf Gardens on Saturday nights are in their more decorous way.

And it's just exactly the lament of Yorkville that has thrown up Toronto's 400 union rock bands and 1,000 more outside the union. All of them talk mysteriously and earnestly about the next Beatles. They are, they suggest, each one of them going to make it with their own sound. Some are coming close.

Let us consider the adventures of three of them: The Lords of London, The Power Project, The Kensington Market. They may be instructive.

GREG LEE FITZPATRICK still wobbles slightly when he walks down the street in his pointy boots. Greg is

JASPER **BY SIMPKINS**



I don't care if Nancy Greene is giving skiing lessons, come back here and hibernate!

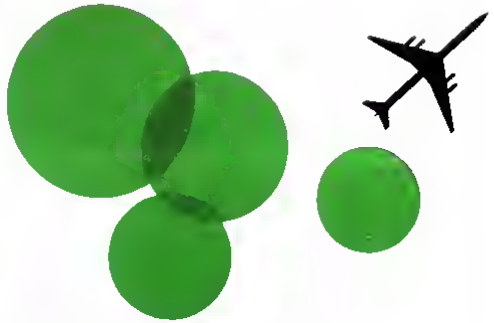
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CANADIAN PACIFIC AIRLINES

16 and the boots are his first pair of high heels. He also favors string ties these days, silk shirts with giant polka dots, and tight black pants that have large rectangular red patches sewn into the thighs. He wears his hair cut in bangs low over his lorel head the way Davey Jones of The Monkees wears his. He has round Orphan Annie eyes, a thick lower lip, and he appears to be winning at last his personal battle with acne.

Small girls across Canada sigh at the sight of Greg Lee Fitzpatrick, and when he drops his lower lip and sings, as he does in teen clubs, ice rink hockey rinks and rural dance pavilions six or seven times a week, they crowd close to the bandstand, slump their shoulders, squeeze their arms against their hips and thighs and turn red. They adore Greg. Early last fall they were humming off to school, warmed by the lyrics of *Cornflakes and Ice Cream*, a song Greg wrote and recorded with his group, The Lords of London. The record was released early in the summer and, by the time school opened in September, it had escalated to No. 1, toppling Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billy Joe* on the charts at CHUM. It's a wistful, childlike song, filled with lyrics about Crackerjack and paper dolls.

We cater to the teenyboppers, not to the older kids in the Beatle generation," Greg says in his earnest way. Perhaps he is too earnest: he has an ulcer. "We can communicate with them. The Monkees *try* to be kids. We don't have to try. We *are* kids. We started playing together at school in the east end [of Toronto] a couple of years ago. The other kids went crazy over us even though we didn't know what we were doing."

Since the success of *Cornflakes and Ice Cream*, the Lords' price for a one-nighter has reached $800. They expect that the figure will jump again because they know how to satisfy their audience. They wear funny clothes on stage, pyjamas and Monkees hats, and they throw things at each other: paper cups of water and, occasionally, a cream pie. Their music is notable mainly for its heavy, danceable beat, and the songs they sing, many of them written by Greg, deal with the less-complicated passions of life.

"I'm inspired by everything I notice around me," Greg says. "Like I love dogs a lot, so I've written a song about a dog who is jealous because his master goes off with a girl. We think it'll be as popular on record as *Cornflakes and Ice Cream*. It's called *Poor George*. The dog commits suicide."

"I'LL TELL you how long I've been managing rock 'n' roll groups. I was booking Little Caesar and the Consuls back when none of them needed hairpieces." This is Ron Scribner, manager of The Hawks Nest, a Toronto teen club masterminded behind The Power Project, a new rhythm and blues group, and rock entrepreneur. "The Consuls were the first big popular Canadian rock band 10 years ago, and they're still doing exactly the same thing they were then, with one difference. Two Consuls wear wigs because, I mean, nobody is going to groove with a bald rock player. Also they're rich. All the Consuls drive Thirds—

continued on page 42

This advertisement contains important information for Ontario homeowners.

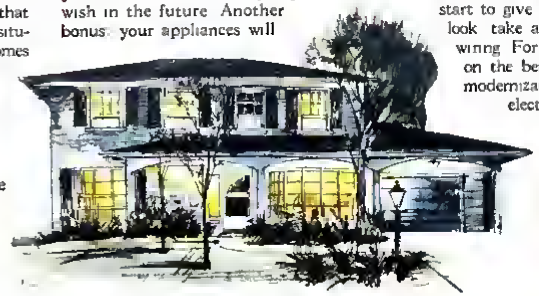
It's about electrical modernization

Do you have more electrical appliances than your household wiring can comfortably handle? If so, your home may be long overdue for electrical modernization.

How did your home slip behind the times? Because year after year, you have probably added new work-saving electrical appliances to a wiring system that wasn't designed to take them. This situation is not uncommon. Many homes have twice as many appliances as they had just ten years ago. The result: overloaded electrical systems, appliances performing poorly and the annoyance of fuses frequently blowing.

Electrical modernization can solve these problems quickly—and at a cost far less than you might expect. With modern wiring in your home you can enjoy all the benefits of electrical living—from the decorative effect of well-planned lighting to the convenience of a modern kitchen or laundry. Electrical modernization lets you use as many appliances at a time as you choose and add as many as you wish in the future. Another bonus: your appliances will work more efficiently and give you longer service. Modern wiring also opens the door to all-electric living, including electric heating and air conditioning.

Electrical modernization could be the most important step in your home modernization project. So before you start to give your home a new look, take a good look at its wiring. For more information on the benefits of electrical modernization call a qualified electrical contractor, or ask your hydro.



your hydro

"If we move with the times, we can hang on nearly forever"

Scribner doesn't need a car. He leases an apartment on the 10th floor of Sutton Place, a tony new apartment-hotel next The Hawks Nest. He also owns a $40,000 house in North Toronto. He clears about $50,000 a year and he is 25 years old. Rock is a young musician's music, and as Brian Epstein, Phil Spector and, in his more modest way, Ron Scribner have demonstrated, it is a young businessman's business.

"I started out eight years ago running a dance at a Y club. There wasn't any one booking rock groups in those days, so I thought what the hell, why not me? I went out and memorized the music scene in every city across the country. I was the pioneer and after a couple of years rock bands didn't stand a chance if my agency Bigland wouldn't book them. One year Bigland grossed $1,400,000."

Scribner went out of the booking business last April when the musicians union took away his license. He had offended the union by booking bands for less than union scale prices. But then he'd been doing *that* for years in the beginning, he explains; rock bands wouldn't have survived if they'd insisted on union rules. Scribner, whose constant cool suggests he has studied the style of the late Brian Epstein, shrugs at the injustice of it all. *He* is trying to go big league in this hush atmosphere.

The Power Project Scribner's latest enterprise, organized last July, display all the trappings of rock splendor. They work with a lighting system: six baby spotlights, a pinpoint spot, two slide projectors, a set of psychedelic slides, two flickering strobe lights. Their instruments are pasted with pieces of broken mirror that flash the lights back into the audience in eerie patterns. They wear blue and red striped suits that make them look like antique Union Jacks, and their entrance on stage in darkness is heralded by a tape recording of soaring outer-space echos, electronic roars and an invocation intoned by CHUM disc jockey Prez Skinner to experience The Power Project."

"In all the dance halls," Scribner says, "this sucks the kids up to the stage like a giant vacuum cleaner."

Alas, the display overwhelms the music. The Power Project play a brand of rhythm and blues partly influenced by the Chicago white school, partly by the San Francisco psychedelics, but their rhythms are leaden rather than forceful, and the group's singer, a 21-year-old from Toronto named Doug Stokes, phrases and looks like Paul Anka, too prissy by far for rock. Scribner mentions that Stokes is taking voice and dance lessons. He wants The Power Project to move as well as play with feeling. But he's hung in flickering lights and in the spidery images of the psychedelic slides: they resemble marionettes, manipulated and lifeless.

Still Scribner's instinct for the Canadian rock audience remains sound. The Power Project are a success. The group tours mainly through Ontario and the eastern U.S. and without playing any club more than once, except The Hawks Nest, their price is climbing to $1,000 per night. They can afford a traveling retinue of four assistants—two to set up the lighting, two to set up the instruments—they have almost paid in full for all their equipment. $25,000 worth of it, and Chess Records of Chicago, among others, is anxious to record their music.

"We're not a creative group," Scribner admits. "We're commercial, and commercial right now means with light shows. If we move with the times we can hang on nearly forever, like Little Caesar."



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But why not, because *we* know good whisky, too. Which is why we offer you our standing test comparing Port Royal Rye against *any* next-higher-priced rye.

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At a time when Finkelstein's managing career was golden and McKie, as a musician, was sniffing, Finkelstein, only 22, had been responsible for promoting The Paupers into what is still the most successful showing of any Canadian rock group. He made $30,000 from The Paupers in less than a year, and then last March, he sold their contract to Albert Grossman, the preeminent American pop-music manipulator, for $20,000. McKie, 19, meanwhile, had been crisscrossing Ontario and the Prairies with The Vendettas, a folk-rock group with no particular merit except his own indelible singing.

With Finkelstein's help, McKie recruited from Yorkville clubs four musicians who had, like McKie, paid their dues on the Canadian rock and R&B scene — including a dramatic blues singer-guitarist named Luke Gibson, who abandoned his own group, Luke and the Apostles, to join the Market. And while McKie took the band into a waterfront warehouse for six weeks to find a sound and a repertoire, Finkelstein set out on one of his virtuoso displays of promotion. Both emerged smelling sweetly successful.

The sound of the Market is intense, strong, occasionally breathtakingly powerful, more frequently filled with the pale, fleeting images that McKie invests in the songs he has written for the band. "Sand-castle thoughts kissed by wind lips / White sheep floating over comic-peeper ships / And stars telling stories of a million summer tops," in performance, the Market oilers, no lights, no flash and their clothes run to casual mixtures of epaulet-ed jackets, Indian beads and hiphugger pants. By current rock standards the band operates on a refreshing take-it-or-leave-it basis.

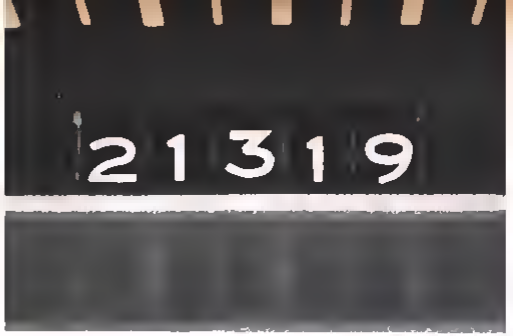
"We're not a trend band," McKie says. "We're not going deliberately into a commercial thing. We play only original stuff and we play it the way each song says. They aren't just tunes anyway — they're like total compositions. *Experiences*."

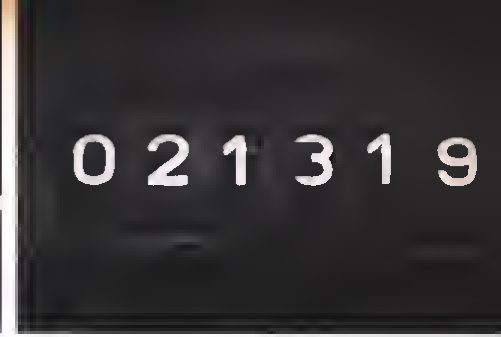
As it turns out, the Market is commercially successful. They have cut one near-hit record, *Kensington Market*, and they can demand about $800 a night. They are working regularly — Bernie Finkelstein sells them hard — and they signed with a U.S. record company, Bell, in January and took on a U.S. rep, Felix Pappalardi, a big name in rock. But the Market, perhaps astonishingly, thinks first of its music, not its rewards. "Writing songs, man," says Keith McKie, "that's all

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SEEING THEM side by side, you don't believe Keith McKie and Bernie Finkelstein. Beauty and the beast. McKie is a collage of Mick Jagger and a matador, all brooding mouth and elegant fines, holding his head with that proud lift Mnnolete must have flashed near the end of the *turrada*. Finkelstein is shapeless, hairy, big-rumped... an Alley Oop character. McKie is the lead singer in The Kensington Market, and Finkelstein manages the group.

The two got together last spring at





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There's also a speedometer that tells you how quickly you're getting there. The Volvo 144 is actually a little faster than the Volvo Canadian.

Of course, there are many other cars that will unquestionably go as fast.

The question is, will they go as far?



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Originality? Forget it. Copy the Big Ones—if you want work

I care about." And the group's proudest accomplishment is still the sound track music it composed, arranged and recorded last summer for Don Owen's new National Film Board film *The Ernie Game*. Somehow, to The Kensington Market that was serious stuff.

ONE TIPOFF on the status of the Canadian rock scene may be that no one can once and for all define "Toronto Sound," a term that in the style of Motown Sound, Mersey Sound and Memphis Soul Sound sprang into currency about the time when word went out proclaiming Toronto The Rock Capital. "The Toronto Sound is like Chicago's, only in a while way," reports a clerk at Long and McQuade, the leading seller in Canada of guitars, amplifiers and other essential rock-group equipment. Toronto kids play the San Francisco thing," says Ian Tyson perversely. A CBC radio program recently attempted to pin down the Sound and came up with versions ranging from Ray Purdue's, "It's white blues with folk-rock adhesions," to Albert Grossman's, "A combination of English and folk and Anglican Church music and hard blues from the U.S."

The notion begins to grow irresistible that Toronto has so far struck out in its attempts to create its own rock. The white hopes have largely failed. Richard Goldstein came to Toronto last September, listened to the City Mufflin Boys, the band currently touted as the group destined to lead Toronto finally into rock glory, and pronounced them "aging hippies, nervous people." "Their music," he said, "is too pretentious. You don't make it just by singing 'Medusa' and 'Seven-up' in the same verse." Goldstein left Toronto wondering where the scene was.

Too many bands, leaving aside the occasional flashes of originality such as The Kensington Market, pattern themselves mirrorlike on proven American or English sounds. Thus, the Sugar Shoppe do the Mamas and the Papas, Jackie Gabriel sings Aretha Franklin or Fontella Bass at her whim, the Staccatos exist as Xeroxes of The Four Seasons, The Ugly Ducklings come on in a Rolling Stones bag even though they have their own thing, because, as lead singer Dave Bingham says, "That's where the money's at."

"The managers say 'Sound like this,' and the bands accept the direction," says Ian Tyson, "or else they don't work."

Gradually, the Toronto rock scene begins to take on a look and feel of naiveté. There's an atmosphere about it, even now, of converted hockey rinks and dance pavilions left over from the summer nights long ago when Claude Thornhill came through town. How tentative it feels, as if this, of all the rock in the world, will blow away tomorrow. It isn't real. It never happened. And so maybe it was, last year, a lot of hype after all. ★

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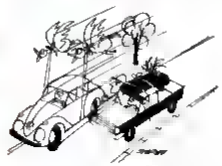
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Every weekend during the hunting season the highways heading toward Ottawa, like those in many other parts of the country, seem to be crawling with deer — dead ones, lashed atop the cars



of returning hunters. Purring down the stretch of highway between Lachute and Hawkesbury among the mobile herd of deer one weekend came a flight of two ducks lashed proudly on top of a Volkswagen.

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But try it yourself. In ten seconds you'll know why he's so proud.



Calvert Grand Prix. The world's first dry rye.

SAIGON'S BAR GIRLS *continued from page 25*

Sweet talk and hustle pay: up to $400 a month for a B-girl

They tried getting the government to do something and there were posters and police everywhere but it didn't come to anything. Then they said that since the prices were so high the girls should get the same kind of drinks as they do. They scoff the girls drinks and if they can't smell any alcohol they refuse to pay for them. They go into long arguments and take out paper and pencils and arrive at sums to prove that they have a right to insist on this. They're crazy. These girls never touch alcohol so how could they swallow 30 whiskies in an evening? It would kill them."

"Do the girls sleep with the customers?"

"Very few and then only after a long time and if they're in love. Most of them are respectable girls who live with their families. Others have jobs during the day and come to the bars at night to supplement their salaries."

"What percentage do they get of the price of the drinks?"

Hall "

"How much do they make a month?"

"It depends on the drinks. They can make between 15 000 ($150) and 40 000 ($400) *piastres* a month."

How much does a middle-ranking government employee earn?"

"Officially, he gets 5 000 or 6 000 piastres, but with what he makes on the side you can never really tell. Some of them drive Mercedes."

"What about a university professor?"

"About 15 000 *piastres*."

On the last night of his leave the young GI drinks and with only five minutes to go before the curfew hour finds his way to one of the brothels.

A typical example was one in the centre of Saigon on the third floor of a building that was still under construction but was already decaying: the wall crumbling from the damp and the hallways littered with garbage. It consisted of a single room with six large beds. Each bed could be closed off by a curtain to form a cubicle with cloth walls. Two of the beds were in use, a fact made obvious not just by the closed curtains. A few women were lying on the other beds. Their ages varied but none of them was young. They were made up in the crude manner of Oriental prostitutes which made them look like large, cheap Chinese dolls. One of them, a peroxide blonde, was twisting about on her bed and complaining. She had a fever and a friend was bathing her forehead with a wet handkerchief.

The door onto the landing was open. Men, women and children were going up and down the stairs, glancing indifferently into the room as they went by. In the back wall there were two doorways without doors. One led into a small kitchen where an old woman was preparing food. The room was filled with oily smoke that smelled of fish. The other, covered by a curtain, led to the toilet. The women lying on the beds looked at me with bored expressions, and then one after the other they mechanically patted their hands on the dirty sheets, inviting me to join them. No one spoke.

There was movement from inside the two occupied cubicles and one of the beds suddenly collapsed with loud shrieks from the woman inside. A very loud and panting voice swore a single oath in English and the shrieking stopped. There was another long silence and then a soldier emerged from one of the cubicles. He was wearing his combat uniform and hat and he had brought his helmet, automatic rifle, armored jacket and even his canteen with him. He finished dressing and left without saying a word.

VUNG TAU, 75 MILES from Saigon, is a little town that faces the South China Sea and it's the site of the largest "rest-and-recreation centre" for American servicemen in the whole of South Vietnam. It consists of two hotels side by side, only a few yards from the beach. The larger of the two has a sort of patio of red hot cement surrounding a little pool containing brightly colored fish. The patio is surrounded by a high wall surmounted by a thick network of barbed wire three or four yards high. During the day GIs of all ages wearing Bermuda shorts lie stretched out in silence on deckchairs that have been set out under umbrellas on the patio. Every now and then one of the GIs gets up from the disc of burning-hot cement and makes his way through the crowd to the sea. He dives in and soon afterward returns to his deckchair where a Vietnamese girl wearing a bathing suit brings him an iced drink.

At night the patio is illuminated by powerful floodlights. The umbrellas have been removed and the patio has become a nightclub for single men. No women come here. In the centre of the patio a small band plays American tunes which are sung by Vietnamese girls, but the noise of the electric generator almost drowns out the band and the singers. The men stand motionless, they look decent but sad. From time to time one picks up his glass from the table with a slow and mechanical movement and takes a drink. But most of the time they stand as still and rigid as plaster casts dressed in checkered shorts and imitation Chinese satin shirts of pistachio green, canary yellow or China blue.

A few yards away is the hotel where I stayed and where American soldiers who can't find a room at the rest-and-recreation centre keep arriving in a continuous stream. The entrance hall of the hotel is usually crowded with women waiting for the new arrivals. The pedicab driver who brings them to the hotel also takes them up to the rooms. The hotel manager pays him 100 *piastres* and he also gets a third of what the girls make.

Between the rest-and-recreation centre on the one hand and on the other my hotel, which is little more than a hundred of other brothels — six cities jammed with hot women who drive and complain — and the thousands of filthy bars there exists the same relationship as that between American puritanism and sin. On one side, there is the rest-and-recreation centre where practically everything is forbidden, with its pure men's meat and refrigerated like a row of Coca Cola bottles, and on the other there is life with all its explosive and mysterious disorder, its animal movement, its smells, colors and throbbing blood. It is the relationship between unreality and reality.

In one of these bars I met a 19-year-old boy who had been wounded four times in combat. He had his girl on his knee and was quite willing to talk with me. He was a "quiet American."

It seems fitting that I should end this article with our conversation. We talked naturally enough, about Vietnamese women. He was enthusiastic about them.

"They're fantastic — gentle, tender, passionate. But they've also got personality. I've known them for more than a year, so I know what I'm talking about. Prostitution? The bars? But there's nothing unusual about that. The women are forced into it. With their living conditions, what else could they do?

"See this girl? Let me introduce her to you, she's my fiancée. She's called Han, which means 'orchid.' What a poetic name. Yesterday I asked my commanding officer for permission to marry her.

"And do you let her work in a bar?

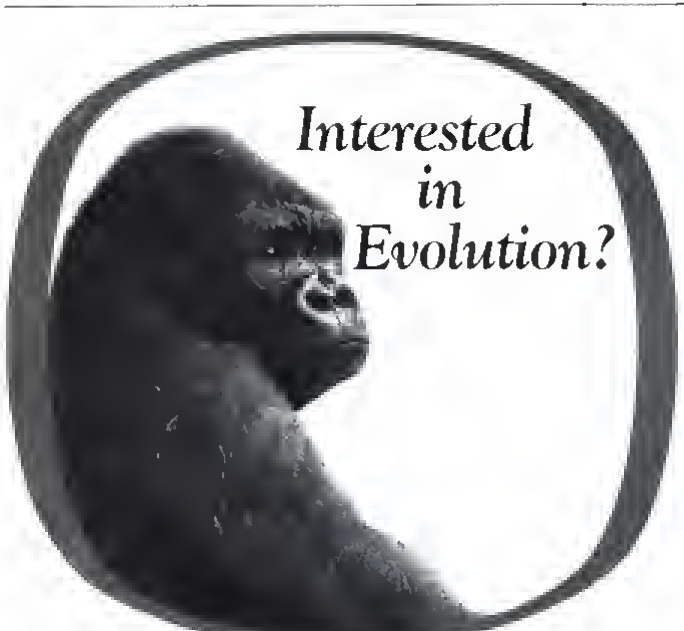
"She doesn't do anything wrong, and besides she's the one who wants to go on doing this work.

"Are you sure you don't mind?

"Quite sure. Anyway, look at her. Can't you see that she loves me?"

As he said that he took the girl by the chin and turned her face toward me. I looked at her. She too was a child, and not good-looking. Her long and deceitful eyes pretended to smile, while she stroked her young man's cheek. She did it with cool calculation, but it needed more than a 19-year-old American boy to realize that. ★

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OPERATION ZIPPO *continued from page 21*

Above, the fluting noise of shells. Below, tense curses

area, two tanks armed with 90 mm guns pour preparatory rounds into the first tree line across the river. From behind comes the always startling crack of the 105 and 155 howitzers firing from the battery on Hill 65. The shells soar overhead with that eerie fluting noise made by their own slipstream. "You don't hear the one that kills you," grins a Marine beside me. "At least that's what they say." His face is blackened and he wears camouflage foliage in his helmet cover. He is "Frenchy" Johnson, formerly of New Brunswick, latterly a Californian surfer now a lance corporal in a squad that call themselves the Dirty Dozen. With Magic Markers the squad members have written the title on their helmets and flak jackets along with a lot of other obscenities. "If you find me dead, VC...then f... you." Some are more philosophical. "Old men make war in which young men must die." Also popular among Marines: "Oswald, where are you now that we need you?"



The Out Island of Eleuthera

You could walk 100 miles—
the length of Eleuthera Island—and see nobody.

Cozy, huh?

Or.
You could have it like the other way.



Bahama Out Islands
700 of them. So near. And yet so far.

The Dirty Dozen is the second squad of the 2nd Platoon commanded by Second Lieutenant Thomas L. Krebs, a blond Southerner, who's tough and looks it. He orders his men to burn the personal letters they have on them. The symbolic severing of this last tenuous connection to another life seems to suddenly heighten the tension. The young faces become tense, there is less talking, teeth gnaw at lips. Despite the slow-speaking calm of Captain Marshall, the young officers are obviously agitated. Krebs paces up and down in tight circles, head down, spitting constantly, issuing curt orders. He has good reason to be restless: the U.S. forces have lost a lot of infantry lieutenants over here. Somebody has figured out that, on the average, a lieutenant lasts 95 seconds of actual combat time.

Then something happens that releases the tension. A serious-faced little boy of about three, wearing only a shirt, comes running down the track. Behind him, four small South Vietnamese soldiers carry a litter with a body on it. They are followed by a group of wailing women and children. A Marine yells out: "Aw, shut up, ya stupid bunch." A few others jeer. An other one yells out: "Hey, Whitey, what did you do to her?" A few laugh. I ask the medic what happened. "It's a PF. They set booby traps around the village to keep the VC out at night, then they go out in the morning and forget where the booby traps are. *Four* PF. That is the fourth one in about 10 days." He shrugs. "Hell, they're farmers, not soldiers."

"Fix bayonets"

The little farmers are still arriving at the staging area. Next to the Marines they make an incongruous sight. The little men casually ride up on bicycles, smoking cigarettes nattily in their olive-green uniforms, nervously polite. They gaze anxiously across the river where the first wave of Marines from the 1st Platoon are crossing the Song Vu on the Amtracks (amphibious tracked vehicles). The 50-calibre machine guns hammering away pouring more prep fire into the tree line. The landing is unopposed.

The 1st Platoon has to secure the beach then sweep through the first village, My Hoa, and advance to a line about 1,500 metres from the river. The 2nd Platoon will stay on the Amtracks since they have crossed the river, and be carried up to the 1,500-metre line where they will hook up on the left flank of the 1st Platoon. The 3rd Platoon, which is also the headquarters platoon, will stay in a central reinforcing position behind the first two while the two PF platoons will be moved up on each side to protect the flanks. Then the whole mobile force will roll forward in that formation to the 2,500-metre line. That is the plan.

I choose to go with the 2nd Platoon which will make the central sweep through the most populated areas. Krebs orders the men to "saddle up," and we wait for the "floating chaplain" to take us across the river. Krebs yells to his men, "All right, if you've got bayonets, fix 'em."

The order draws a little chuckle from Corporal "Bronco" Martin, squad leader of the Dirty Dozen. "Hey, this is a pretty gung-ho lieutenant," Over the next three days there is always going to be a little abrasion between the lieutenant and Bronco. Bronco is a smooth, tough Negro. Not that there is anything overtly racial between the two men. It is probably a matter of competition for leadership. Bronco leads a very good squad.

Forty-five minutes later we have crossed the river but are still sitting on the Amtracks waiting for an F4 to complete its strike on some suspicious activity the spotter plane has observed ahead of us and to our left. To our right there is an occasional burst of M16 fire as the 1st Platoon proceeds with its sweep. The sun is fierce and we are out in the open; the sweat running off us. A tall Negro machine gunner is already dozing. The jet screams in and dumps its payload of high explosive. The 2nd Platoon piles off the Amtrack. There's a small, chest-deep river to wade across, then the men file into the trees.

The sweep is made through heavy jungle growth that every so often gives way to little square groves of banana trees and cultivated patches. The deserted silence of the little thatched houses makes it all the more ominous. The think growth is ideal for snipers waiting in ambush. The Marines often hidden from each other are quite noisy with their sweep, nervously shouting back and forth to each other.

"Hey, Batchelor, are you there? Are you hooked in on the flank?"

Batchelor shouts back in the jargon of the Marines. "That's firm."

"Lieutenant!" yells a Marine. "I've found a coffin." Painted in raw ochre with the reversed swastika symbols of Buddhism at each end, the coffin stands under the shade of two small trees. "What shall I do with it, sir?"

"Leave the goddam thing alone, it's probably boobytrapped."

By this time I am with Krebs' third squad led by Corporal Dale Eugene (Woody) Woodcock and his understudy Lance Corporal John (Spook) Casper, both college men. This is Woodcock's last operation. He has been in Vietnam 13 months. He is wiry cool and still a very humane guy. Casper is tall, big boned and unpredictably violent.

The squad has found two horses that are occupied. "Lieutenant Krebs, there's a bitch in here with some kids!"

"Search the house, put a guard on the people," Krebs says. He seems to be everywhere at once, swearing, nursing, spitting out orders. "Goddammit, Martin, get your men up."

Casper has made a find. In the first house he has found some of the grey-green material the North Vietnamese Army uses to make uniforms. Now he is screaming excitedly at the woman the few phrases of Vietnamese he knows. "You VC. Husband VC. Comin on, get down, you bitch." He grabs her by the back of her neck and pushes her down on her heels into a squat. Her three children — between two and six years of age — cluster around her, whimpering. She opens her black pyjama top and lets the youngest feed at her breast.

Casper squats down beside her, thrusts his M16 into her face. "Same, same. where?" he shouts, pointing to the house indicating she should show him where any weapons are hidden. But the woman, who is about 30, is playing dumb. She just repeats everything Casper says, and under the circumstances she seems a lot cooler than he is. A Vietnamese interpreter comes over, and at the sight of a Vietnamese face her composure breaks and she begins weeping. After a few words of exchange the interpreter shrugs and walks away.

In the neat thatched house another woman has been found. She is breast feeding a three- or four-day-old child. It is still covered with the red splotches of birth. The woman walks with difficulty. She is put under guard with the younger one.

The houses are ingenious, built out of woven grass and bamboo poles. The floors are dirt; the furniture meagre: a doll-size table with two benches. String hammocks hang from the bamboo wall posts. Incorporated into the design of each house is a mud and bamboo-reinforced block that is the entrance to the family's underground bunker. There is usually another bunker outside, which is connected by a tunnel to the house bunker. This is how these people survive in a "free-fire zone."

The two women and their children are allowed to stay in the shade of one house. The sweep continues about

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"For the guy who kills the first gook, beer—all he needs"

50 yards and stops at the first objective a central path through the village of My Phú. It is here that the 2nd Platoon hooks in the left flank of the 3rd Platoon. It is here that we must wait for the PFs to move up on our flanks. Ahead and to our left a sniper fires a few rounds vaguely in our direction with a semi-automatic carbine. He is a long way off and nobody pays him much attention.

The path is shaded, there is a good wall, and most of the men break out some C rations. Everybody is feeling more relaxed. The staff sergeant tells the men: "For the guy who kills the first gook all the beer he needs to get stinking drunk and I'll stand his watch on the hill." Lieutenant Krebs says he'll do the same for the second gook killed.

The pathway is not a good one to stay on for long. At some stretches in front of it the jungle growth is thick and impossible to see through. Immediately in front of Woodcock's squad is a small rice field almost 100 yards wide. On the far side is another thatched house. The vague shadow of a man flits back and forth across the doorway. Batchelor squeezes off a careful shot. The Marinee around him cheer.

"Holy Jesus! You see that? Just like the movies. The guy sagged, then just kinda slowly slid down holding onto the doorway."

That lucky sonofabitch Batchelor gets all the beer.

"Okay, shut up and get a fire team out there to check the body," says Krebs.

A five-man fire team led by Caspar moves out across the paddy. And suddenly it feels very naked out there in the open. Corporal Mike Stokey, a Marine correspondent, mutters: "This is how we got ambushed on Operation Arizona."

But we make the house. There is no corpse — just a very frightened old man and a woman. They don't understand anything that is said to them. If there was a body it has been dragged away, and nobody wants to check on the bunkers in the house. Everybody is a little tense and in a hurry to get back. They take the old pair with them.

At 3 p.m. we are still waiting on the path for the PFs. Over the radio we have heard that they're too scared to move off the beach. Their American advisers are trying to persuade them to move up beside the Marines.

On our pathway the whispered conversations have given way to loud talking up and down the line. Instead of squatting or lying down behind the available cover, some men are standing around walking. Mike Stokey, the Marine correspondent, and I discuss how we can move in the rear and see what's happening to the PFs. Stokey is a very nice young guy with glasses and wispy blond moustache.

We stand up to walk to the rear when from about 50 metres away there comes that vicious fast pop-popping of some AK47s. Stokey goes down with a sharp grunt, a round through his right leg. "I'm hit," he says matter-of-factly to Woodcock who is on his other side. Woodcock is calmly unpicking his M16 into the tree line just in front of us and to our right, whom the VC are right on top of us. In the pause he takes to change his magazine clip, he calls out for a medic and shouts: "Hey, Willie! Get that machine gun going."

The frigging gun is jammed, Woody."

Most of the Marines are pouring lead into the tree line. The noises of the different weapons in the fire fight work around and over each other: there is the regular heavy hammering of the 30-calibre machine guns, the grinding rapid bursts of the M16s, the light fast popping of the AK47s (the Communist Chinese answer to the M16s). In the holes of noise there are the single little pops of the carbines. And there is the scream: "Outgoing!" as a Marine throws a grenade. The heavy mortar shells start crumping in on the path, their fragments exploding and scattering through the foliage. Marines dive into ditches and into the mortar holes the VC have dug beside the path. Fitzpatrick, the other Marine correspondent, runs along the path, checking at the sight of UPI photographer Frank Johnston who is stuck halfway in a mortar hole jammed up by the pack on his back. Fitzpatrick runs around a house a mortar shell comes right in on top of it and the fragments get Fitzpatrick in the legs.

Woodcock is swearing. "Those aren't incoming. Those are short rounds. Some 19-year-old kid has got scared and doesn't know what he's doing. Goddammit, I've seen more Marines killed that way."

Under fire, Medical Corpsman Bob Dunn is applying a field dressing to Stokey. Dunn is a short, aggressive little guy. His helmet keeps slipping down over his eyes with a curse, he throws it off. Finished with Stokey, he runs down the line to where the mortars came in. Besides Fitzpatrick, three other men are wounded. And all the time Dunn runs down the path the Marines are yelling: "Hey, Doc, keep down, you stupid bastard."

Then the confusion and firing is all over as suddenly as it started. The wounded are carried to the rear and taken out by a Medevac helicopter. Krebs sends up a fire team. They find the body of an old man, unarmed, probably killed in the cross-fire. Then the rain comes down. And there is nothing to do but lie in the rain, staring ahead and wait for the PFs to come up.

When they finally do it is time to pull back for the night. There is a little scene where an ARVN officer in charge of the PF militia harangues a Vietnamese corporal for his cowardice. Furious, the officer slaps the man's face and tears off his stripes. We walk back toward the beach.

By the time we get there it's dark. Krebs drops his platoon off to a long line through the jungle on the west side of the beach. I find myself with a two-man machine-gun crew and the courageous little medic, "Doc" Dunn. Everyone has become so scattered that we have no contact with anyone on either side of us. It has been raining for three hours. We know we won't get dry until the sun shines tomorrow. Immediately behind us is the tree line of the jungle. Blank and wet, the tops of the trees barely discernible against the heavy sky. In front of us a field of four-foot high reeds extends for some 500 yards down to the river. Immediately to our right is a thick hedgerow. White, the machine gunner, keeps demanding in a fierce whisper: "Where the hell does he expect me to set up? I can't see a damn thing any way I position. Screw it. Let's eat." We pull C rations out of our packs.

By now it is cold. We are wet and are shivering. Then all of a sudden, from what seems like 10 yards behind us the VC send up a flare. "Get down, get down," hisses White, "and don't move." I remember to keep a hand over one eye so I can still see when the flare goes out. Meanwhile, my left eye sees everything five times larger than life, my booted foot lying uncovered in a patch of sand, Dunn's helmet, the machine-gun barrel.

When the flare goes out we squirm farther back into the undergrowth. White sets up his machine gun. About 20 minutes later, Krebs calls out from our left. He is yelling for the position of Corporal Willeck, the squad leader anchoring our line about 500 yards away on the beach. Krebs' shouting in the dark and coming nearer gets everyone nervous. "The dumb bastard is giving away our position! Jesus! Doesn't he know he's crossing in front of the lines of fire?"

"Three star cluster"

But Krebs is desperate. The 1st and 3rd Platoons were attempting a scattered defense line such as ours and found it just as untenable. The order has now come for each platoon to regroup and form its own 360-degree defensive perimeter. Only Krebs is now lost in the dark. While challenges him, Krebs comes up. Strung out behind him in the dark each man hanging onto the pack of the man in front of him, are the terrified little Vietnamese of the 82nd PF Platoon. Behind them are as many of the 2nd Platoon Krebs has so far been able to find. We hook up at the end of the line and stumble off into the dark. Krebs yelling: "Willeck . . . Will — eck . . . Three-star cluster." Willeck finally hears and shoots off the flare and we find the beach. Krebs is lucky tonight — by all odds, the VC should have slaughtered us.

On the beach Dunn and I pull off our helmet liners and use the helmets to scoop out a hole in the sand. "I know what I'll do if I were Charlie," says Dunn. "I'd mortar hell out of this perimeter."

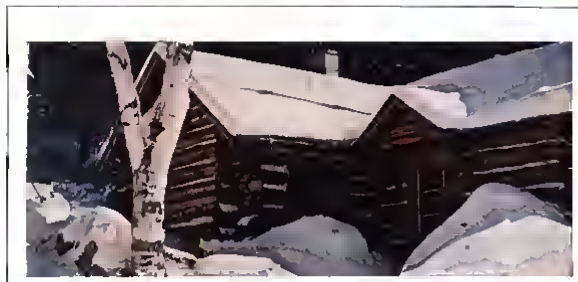
There's just enough space in the hole for the two of us to lie lengthwise. Somebody has stolen Dunn's poncho. We share mine and after a while our combined body heat builds up enough warmth under the poncho to stop our shivering. Exhausted, we sleep. But then it rains, and we get cold and wet all over again.

The morning comes, golden and red and in its first minutes the sky is beautiful behind the ghostly white of the sand and the dark reeds. We wait for a dawn attack but there is none.

Day Two of Operation Zippo gets off to a fast pace. The PFs are left on the beach ostensibly as an escort for the civilians who are supposed to come across today to harvest the rice. The 1st and 2nd Platoons sweep quickly through the areas they cleared yesterday. The Marines are in a bad mood. The operation is a shambles and everyone knows it.

We quickly reach the path we held for so long yesterday. The combat engineers blow up a few caves and bunkers they have found. Dunn and a couple of other Marines try to set fire to a thatched house, but it is too

continued on page 54



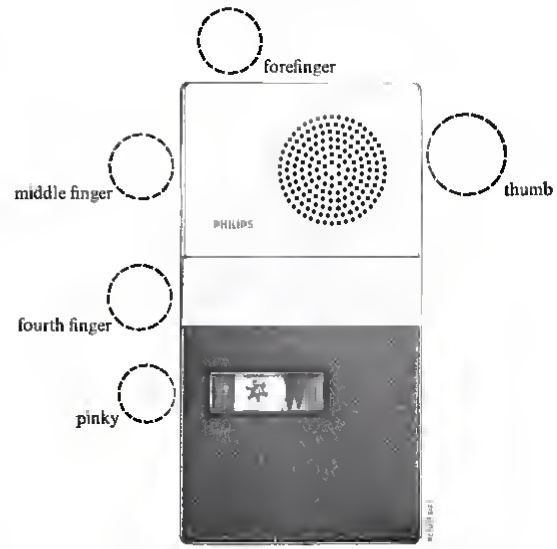
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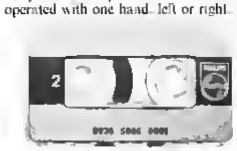
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PARADE

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"You VC bastard," Casper yelled, then booted him as he fell

wet and the flame just smolders through a bamboo wall curtain. A woman and some little girls run out from an adjoining house and douse it with water. The 2nd Platoon lines up and begins a sweep ahead. We get no where Batchelor thought he shot the sniper yesterday. The old man and his wife are still there. (They were released when we pulled back last night.) Casper is in a towering rage. "You VC you old bastard," he yells and drops the old man with a hard right to the jaw then boots him as he falls down. The old man lies on the ground crying. A Negro machine gunner comes around the house and boots him in the leg. "Aw shut up." The woman squats beside her moaning husband stonefaced. Casper wants to shoot their water buffalo in its right little stockade. He sights his M16 right down the animal's flaring nostrils. "Hey, Woody, can I zap it?" But Woodcock is already ahead peering around. "Cool it and get to work," he orders.

Up in front somewhere has got to be that VC harassment squad. Another 100 yards and there is another main path. The platoon pauses on it for a few minutes while the engineers blow up some more caves with C-4 plastique explosive. Batchelor has bad news. Woody, I left my LAW back there by the well." The men shudder. The LAW is a light anti-tank weapon and everybody has an immediate image of what would happen if a guerrilla found it and opened up on the platoon from the rear. Report to the lieutenant and hope to God you're not busted."

Krebs states incredulously at Batchelor for a couple of seconds, then quietly tells him to get three men and go back and get it. Krebs has enough on his mind as it is. The staff sergeant is worried, too. We came through there too fast. There could be 100 gooks in there and we could have walked right over them. Batchelor is back in a few minutes sweating, embarrassed but with his LAW.

Krebs decides he hasn't enough men to continue with an efficient sweep and without falling into a trap. He leads the way left out of the blind area of hedgerows and dense tree lines into the open paddy fields that are our main objective. The thinking is that perhaps the Marines can secure the immediate area around the paddy fields.

But as we march across them in a long line it becomes obvious that it is too late. The VC rice has already been harvested. It's hard to imagine that the intelligence reports could have been that bad. After all, Hill 65 still looms within sight on the other side of the river.

From the other side of the paddy fields there comes a flat metallic sound. For a whole moment the platoon hesitates in mid stride. "Down!" yells Krebs. The VC were waiting to ambush the platoon in the open, but an obviously nervous guerrilla fired too soon with a pistol. A second later when they open fire with automatics we are already flat on our bellies in the paddy water. The flankers pull out firing into the tree line as they run back. This time the mortar squad find the right tree line and there are no short rounds. The VC melt back into the trees. We move to the southern limit of the paddy fields where the 1st and 2nd Platoons set up a blocking force, a line that is meant to hold against a direct frontal assault.

The afternoon passes waiting for the civilians to come and harvest the one or two small paddies that haven't been touched.

Woodcock's squad is dug in around a small house surrounded by a light grove of trees. It is pleasant and shaded, and there is water. The two old grandparents in the house are taking care of three little children. Woodcock mixes up a batch of orange concentrate in an aluminum-foil bag and gives it to the kids. Their eyes shine and they're all smiles, holding the container up to get the last little drop out of it. Woodcock grins. "And just think, your daddy is out there planning to get me tonight."

The civilians have not been able to make it. Snipers infiltrated to our rear and pinned down the two Amtracks carrying the would-be harvesters. The terrified civilians jumped off the Amtracks and ran back to the beach. And the Amtracks, carrying a resupply of food and ammunition for us, turn back. They have no armor plating.

Late in the afternoon Krebs's platoon pulls back from its blocking position and sets up in a small grove of trees around an empty thatched house. It is a tight perimeter for 80 men but all around it has a clear field of fire across the paddy fields. Woodcock hands me his trenching tool.

"Dig deep — tonight's the night," he says. "Dig a VC hole about three feet deep, just narrow enough at the top to squeeze into, but bell shaped at the bottom so that you can sit cross legged or with your knees up. That way it's got to take a direct hit from a mortar to get you."

He also shows me how to handle an M16 rifle. For a weapon that can do so much damage it is childishly simple to operate. On impact the bullet is traveling at such a high velocity that it becomes a piece of cart wheeling lead. One round can take an arm off. It fires 750 rounds a minute when set on automatic. "But don't ever load the magazines with the regulation 24 rounds," says Woodcock, "because it will jam. Just put in 19."

Everybody is hungry but the Marines are generous in sharing what they have. The staff sergeant offers me a white plastic flask. "Have some tea." I knock back a big gulp of what turns out to be the best whisky I've ever tasted.

The sun begins to set and Krebs orders everyone into their holes. We have just got into them when the VC open up from the nearest tree line with mortars, 30 calibre machine-gun fire and automatic weapons. The mortars come right in on top of us. The earth shudders and the night turns all kinds of explosive colors. The Marines are replying with heavy fire. The barrage lasts about 10 minutes. Krebs screams, "Hold your fire!" The silence is strange. He checks for casualties. Miraculously, nobody has been hit, which is a credit to Krebs, who made everyone dig deep.

It is a long sleepless night. We don't get hit again, but we can hear the VC squad moving around attacking the other platoons. Half the platoon stands watch while the others sleep. All night a small plane drones overhead dropping flares around our position to illuminate the paddy fields. Lance Corporal Johnson spots some movement. Krebs gives him permission to throw the grenade. But Johnson can't get it out of the trees. It hits a branch and bounces back into the perimeter. There's some last scuffling, and, "Get down. Get down!" The grenade explodes. The world bounces around. Fragments slice through the poncho I propped over my hole to keep out the rain. Krebs is furious. "Goddamit, Johnson. How many times have I told you mothers not to throw a grenade unless you have a clean line of fire."

All night the shells from the howitzers on Hill 65 whistle overhead to explode in a protective pattern of fire around us. The rain comes down. Cramped Marines crawl out of their holes, wrap themselves up in ponchos and lie down to sleep in the mud. Krebs walks around nudging them awake with his boot, ordering them back into the holes ankle-deep in water.

The Marines are glad to see the morning but they are tired and edgy. Bronco Martin and the Dirty Dozen get caught in a nearly executed masking manoeuvre when Bronco and his men go out to check some activity in the nearest tree line. The VC snipers waited until they caught the squad in the open and between themselves and the platoon's perimeter. That way the Marines in the perimeter couldn't fire without shooting through Bronco's squad. The men pull back, angry and frustrated. Krebs was afraid he was going to lose his machine gun. He kept yelling, "Bronco, haul your black ass and that machine gun back here."

"When you see him, fire"

After that the platoons set up the blocking positions they held the day before. The day wears on and the sun is murderous in its heat. Over the radio net we hear that the harvesters have given up on the rice fields and have fallen back to load the first village, My Hoa.

"Goddam," curses Krebs, "we're just protection for a band of thieves and robbers."

"Lieutenant, I can see a man out there in the hedgerow, about 50 yards away. There he is. He's got black pyjamas and he's carrying a weapon over his shoulder. He's ducked back now."

"Okay, next time you see him, fire."

There is a brief burst of fire in which half the platoon opens up. Above us a human being screams. A fire team is sent up. The hedgerow hides a tiny thatch house and a courtyard. An emaciated old woman is dragging herself across the dirt. An M16 round has torn off half her foot. Beside her lies the hoe she had on her shoulder.

A disgusted Krebs orders a medic to bandage her up.

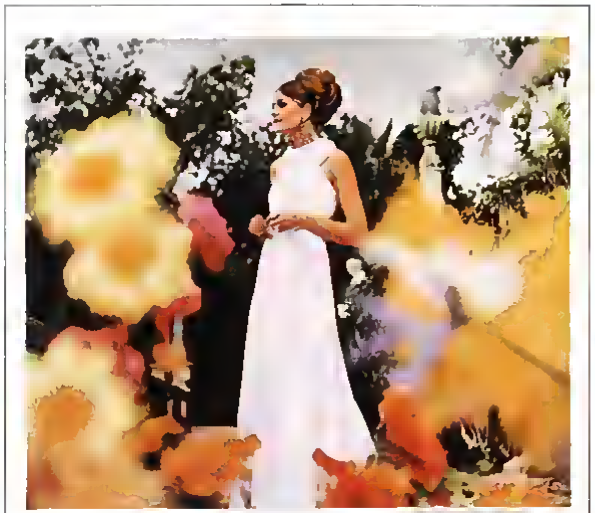
"You want me to waste good field dressing on her, sir?"

"For Chrissake, fix her up!"

But the medic refuses to give her any morphine. At the same time this is happening the company gets orders to pull out of the O Gia area around the rice field, and return to the beach.

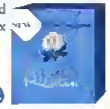
Lima Company walks out in a gigantic inverted V. A spotter plane keeps watch overhead. And the howitzers from Hill 65 keep on hanging away. Three hours later the men are all standing on the beach waiting to be ferried across the river. The atmosphere is that of a locker room after a particularly grueling football game. The jokes are corny and everyone keeps slapping his neighbor on the shoulder. Some civilians have been brought out too. The woman who had her foot shot off is accompanied by her tearful 11-year-old grandchild. And there are five feeble-looking old men. One is very sick in a malarial coma. I take a picture of them on the beach. A Marine standing guard pats his foot on the sick man and strikes a triumphant posture. Captain Mart Marshall, whose calm expression has long since given way to one of pained exasperation, angrily tells the Marine to take his boot off the sick man. And that's the end of Operation Zippo. ★





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MEMOIRS OF A NICE GUY

continued from page 23

they were still learning to shoot planes down. By now they're pretty good.

One old Skyraider prop dive bombers flew in formations of twos or threes carrying an average load of 3,500 pounds of bombs hung on our wings with one or two tanks of napalm for a final moping. We also carried rockets — 800 rounds of 20-mm cannon—and strafed almost every hop. Maybe half our bombs were "daisy cutters"—equipped with three-foot rods at their tips so they'd explode outward instead of digging a crater. They weren't specifically anti-personnel but they'd probably flatten anybody within a half mile.

Napalm is the most spectacular. We used a lot in the South especially on the huts along the Mekong Delta canal network. The 150-gallon canister looks like a fuel tank and tumbles as it drops so to get any accuracy you have to go in low at 100 feet.

Most of the work up North was road reconnaissance, knocking down anything moving and anything that looked like a staging area for troops, like warehouses and trains. You generally didn't carry napalm because their big guns kept you too high to use it.

Bombing the forests down South you could see trees flying up but you didn't know if you'd hit anything or not. You get so fed up bombing trees. But one day the bombing was so intense some VC troops in black pyjama uniforms broke out of the woods and scattered across the fields. We got them with our cannon as they ran. One guy hunched in on a single VC who was crawling on his hands and knees. "I got him," he told us back on the ship.

Maybe the most surprising thing about real combat is that it is so little different from practice except you're being shot at. But I found there's an added fillip — like taking Dexedrine, or a few extra cups of coffee—going in on real people. At first you worry, mostly about getting killed. You never worry much about killing other people —until later. Some of the guys got pretty bloodthirsty and I was one of them. I guess most men feel combat is something they want to experience, the test of being brave or cowardly, proving you're a man or not. You turn out to be goddam scared and you do it anyway.

Back aboard ship, there was a lot of kidding about the guys who got a real thrill out of killing people and telling about it after. You always have a few like that around. But for most of us it was detached — more like you were watching a movie. There were other jobs, too, of course—like the blackboard in the ready room where the guys had been keeping score. Attach Squadron 196 has gloriously killed 5,000 trees, 23 VC, 46 women and children, 18 water buffalo & one freight elephant and driver." It was just to show how useless some of the targets were. But we erased it when a *LIFE* photographer came on board.

We only lost about 12 combat pilots out of the 90 on that cruise — you expect to lose a few, even in peacetime. Half were shot down and one was actually papalmed when a freak rifle bullet ignited his canister. One went down in the middle of a village up North and we saw him captured, a real big feat of most guys. I was never hit myself, but on two different occasions I lost my engines and had to make emergency landings — fortunately, over the South.

When someone "busted his tail," "bought the farm," it was "too bad" but better him than me. But some guys just weren't tough enough to take the necessary cynicism—like my roommate for the whole last cruise. He was having problems flying. We tried to talk to him, but if you started getting to him, he'd time you out. Sam was just a very nice kid, one of the few guys who went to church and didn't go to bed with the girls and raise hell with the rest of us when we were in port. I guess he couldn't let go on his emotions. After that cruise Sam was transferred to a new squadron. One day, taking some kind of routine examination on antiaircraft-weapons delivery, he put his head down on the panel and just started to cry. They transferred him to a hospital in Philadelphia.



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The Sortie Game

There were maybe two or three pilots on the ship who worried about the moral aspects of the war. One I'll call Bruce said he couldn't go in if he was hitting the wrong target. I, Myself, I just said screw it.) One night after Bruce had stood duty all day and just seen his roommate killed in a take-off crash, they sent him up. He came back from his mission with what's known as getaboardituis—unwilling to make the necessary second pass. He smashed into the deck, knocked off his wheels and went over the side in flames. He was lucky he ended up in the hospital for a few months with both injuries.

A good many missions like his were launched in weather not worth a damn for flying, that's known as the Sortie Game. Two nights in a row I flew a weather recon over the North and found nothing but solid clouds up to 12,000 feet, but they launched a strike anyway. It wasn't the war they were winning, it was the Sortie Game—the craziest thing I've ever seen. A couple of commanders told us they knew it was ridiculous to send us up, but the pressures on us from higher up to get those sorties up and beat the Air Force. So you'd load around trying to find a target somewhere anywhere, and end up bombing woods or on about one strike out of five you'd dump your ordnance at sea. All the pilots were disgusted about that, but when my old buddy, Alex Walter said as much in a Michigan newspaper a few months ago, the papers were carrying Pentagon denials for days.

All the bombs didn't get dumped at sea. One day when the First Cav was getting the crap beat out of them up around Ah Khe in the monsoon season, three of us went up loaded with ten 250-pound bombs, really wild to get in because those guys were hurting bad. But the only open weather we could find was a pocket 15 miles wide

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Got a signed Beaver bowl?

HERE'S WESTMOUNT OFF

The bowl illustrated in the photograph above has been attributed to the Cap Rouge and/or St Johns potteries of Quebec. Named for the embossed beavers that decorate the exterior, these bowls have been found with or without the beavers being adorned under glaze." Attribution is open to speculation. Even those dozen or the bowls etc already in Cap Rouge have been found with the signature of the maker J. F. Dalkin & Co. Whereas great numbers of the ceramic tablewares, etc. manufactured in St. Johns were signed by the various potters. Therefore why is it that not one signed example of the many Beaver bowls has been brought to the attention of museums, collectors and dealers? Of course great numbers of signed Beavers have been reported but when examined one and all lack any indication of maker or locality. I would be most interested to learn of an authentic signed Beaver bowl. The reason would be misportant but authentication would need a years-long court action, and if Canadian would skyrocket the value of these interesting and decorative ceramic bowls.



Collector's project

SERIAL SHIPBUILDING ONT

I am delighted to see your photograph of Nepisiguit. The "Pioneer" did not originate in Canada but your excellent and successful attempt at research provides a lesson example of how one must research projects. You established the fact that the makers, "Collard and Collard Ltd." continued to be active and within the area of London, England. That might well assist and suggests that co-operation which might get a copy of the advertising. Replying to your enquiry, the piano bearing the numbers you give appears to be an old clockwork as a renewed Pedal with feet front and octagon legs apparently round in 1857. The price at that time was 50 gns. The letter you sent with the suggestion that the firm would assist in replacing castors. The data relating to feet front, Octagon legs and area "1857" is especially valuable. In the considerable number of Canadian whose collections include similar pianos made in Canada.



Bonus: a miniature chest

THE WEDDING

You were most fortunate to discover that the acquisition of an early house included a piece such as the miniature chest of drawers in the photograph. I agree with you in estimated age, but in my opinion it is an authentic antique. The chest is a reproduction of Canadian whose collections include similar pieces made in Canada.

Gerald Stevens answers questions on Canadiana and other antiques. Each letter must be accompanied by a clear photograph and all available data. We cannot undertake to return photographs. Address letters to: Canadiana, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Only correspondents should send self-addressed envelope if personal reply is desired.

and a few miles deep right down a pretty little seacoast town. Many towns like that now are just craters but this one hadn't been touched. After unloading for a couple of hours we were ready to head back to the ship when the controller radioed. Look, I've got a target for you. And he dropped a marker on the nearest little town of maybe 2,500 people.

Lon the flight leader asked "Did anybody see that?" and we both said no. Nobody wanted to be the first to go in. We asked the FAC to mark the target again. Well that was it. Lon went in fast and those bombs just walked down the street, bouncing off the sides of the buildings. Don hit one and I took the other. We knocked down maybe 25 buildings.

Well, they're just buildings, nobody inside. An attack bomb never hits even a minute. You don't sit in reverie during these wondering if there are people down there. Time'd been a sweep through three or a few weeks before. It was territory as far as we knew secure. But we weren't psychic—we couldn't tell where the VC were and only hoped the FAC *did* know.

"I don't think we can win"

I tried not to bomb the civilians. If I tried to get a bridge and the bomb went into a populated area instead, it was just an error in marksmanship. I would rather have hit that bridge. There was no way we could take the blame and still justify our part in the war. We all basically believed in the cause that the U.S. was in this for: the protection of free people.

It's a compartmentalized sort of thing anyway. Just because a guy can go out and have a professional pride in killing people just because that's his job and he does it well doesn't mean he goes home and beats his children. There's a parallel between what any military man would do and what the Nazis did. It's just that they were good at hurting and any man who fights well in a war is like a Nazi.

When you're wrapped up in it, in an atmosphere of the military, such a hell you believe in it. Part of what changed my mind is the course. The Vietnam war has taken time. I got back home. I don't think we can win. Hell, that's a civil war—I've come around to thinking that. When we started bombing the North Vietnamese, had 400 people in the South now they've got how many battalions? I never thought much about it, but I never bought the idea that they were the ones keeping the war going in the South. If the war was going badly down there, the small amount of supplies that got through can't considerable harassment wouldn't have kept the Viet Cong going.

We're just in a mess and I feel the way most people feel—that we're in something we don't want to be in and we're losing people for practically nothing. And any way we can get out with any grace at all — but that's the hooker.

Sometimes I feel there's no other way. I'd rather have spent those last years. The flight deck of a carrier is the most masculine place in the world. One of the really enjoyable times is when we're going up there any night there weren't operations. I'd walk up after dinner with the ship pitching a bit and there on four destroyers around us floating on the tranquil water. For once it would be so quiet you could hear the water and the engine hum and the footsteps of the guys on security watch. It's the old bit of a ship at sea.

Maybe I put too much emphasis on being a man. I thought I would come back from war a better man—instead I came back a lesser one. Under. Your defense mechanism is so strong you don't let yourself get swamped under by emotional feelings like love for humanity. Your own humanity is so much less—you've closed off some of your feelings for people you have to keep you sanity. Emotionally you're not willing to go as far — probably with girls too. It takes something out of you to go out day after day killing like that. You kill one person and it's easier to kill another; you have your choices burned.

When I got back I felt different—older. The last couple of years in the navy showed on my face. I started taking greater pleasure in small things well done. Like a picnic or a back scratch. My ambitions now are less.

It's kind of like a lost youth, may be. When I come out of that I just wasn't going any more ★

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arthur
Age 72 years
Ave age/Life 71.07 yrs
Gone 119 years
(1 7 800 days)
High school graduate employer rating: high; good fair; will hire; played poker; wasted his farm; dance; camp; popular; engaged to Linda

linda
Age 27 years
Ave age/Life to 78.71 yrs
Gone 54 years
(19 710 days)
High school graduate; worked office; liked to dance; hobbies: reading, sewing, cooking; school affairs; caught Bradley school; very popular

john
Age 18 years
Ave age/Life 71.43 yrs
Gone 52 years
(18 980 days)
High school graduate; an only child of University professors; good student; planned on being doctor; played basketball and tennis; Spent summer working in hospital supply firm as an aide

jeff
Age 23 years
Average Life 71.76 yrs
Gone 48 years
(17 520 days)
Third year University professor — History; Wanted to teach; Elected to student council; active in politics; World's summer as research project. Well liked and respected

alecia
Age 19 years 8
Average to 78.02 yrs
Gone 51 years
(18 905 days)
High School Graduate; Was office leader; worked as yearbook; Planned to attend university; Worked summer as counsellor at girls camp; Loved swimming, dancing and sports

tony
Age 20 years
Ave age/Life 70.58 yrs
Gone 50 years
(18 250 days)
Attended Polytechnical Institute; take up course to be an accountant; keen dancer, interested in electronics and drama; Outstanding athlete in fall played football, hockey; Only son

Before you blame this terrible moment on someone else — stop. Maybe you and I are responsible for the carnage and the waste. What if they had lived. would John have discovered a cure for cancer. would a grandson of the girl who wanted a large family become a prime minister with a fortune for world peace. Does it matter now. Yes. It Matters. The same thing will happen next week and the week after. and the week after that. It will happen so often that next week we will wipe out an entire classroom of young people. At the end of the year more than 52 classrooms of young adults and passengers will have been killed on the highways. We educate our children to be ready for a lifetime of work. can't we train them to live to enjoy the promises and the hope of that lifetime. The Canadian Surety Company endorses community driver education programs. We think the effort's worth it.

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HOW WE WIN THEIR HEARTS

continued from page 19

Le Son are not alone in not wanting to talk today. Just a mile up the road is the command post of the 5th Marines Regiment. Across the road is the command post of the 51st ARVN Regiment and the 7th Marine Engineers. Everyone up there is too embarrassed to say very much.

The reason is that just after midnight a company of VC guerrillas with a sapper attachment blasted their way through the barbed wire that surrounded the hamlet killed two ARVN soldiers and captured two others. The other ARVN soldiers providing security for Le Son fled. The VC then systematically marked off 42 houses for destruction. The household unit were those who had shown cooperation with the army which to the VC can mean anything from being a hamlet official to a hapless woman whose husband is an ARVN soldier.

The sappers threw satchel charges into the houses. Twenty-seven were destroyed; the rest seriously damaged. The VC must have been in a hurry because they didn't even bother to loot houses for precious stocks of rice. The grain was burned, too. Then the VC nonchalantly marched the more than 400 villagers off into the nearest tree line where they were interrogated and lectured for the rest of the night. It was a bad night for the infancy of South Vietnam. The VC had not cut the phone lines and for some reason the 51st ARVN and the 5th Marines couldn't seem to establish radio contact. The VC had attacked during a monsoon storm and nobody had much ambition to go out looking for guerrillas on a blank night in a heavy rain. As it was, the 51st and the Marines had a bad enough time stumbling around in the rain trying to find each other.

Reprisal raid

Shortly after dawn the released villagers started trickling back into the village. For them it was finally only one more move in a game in which they are the pawns.

The midnight raid was a reprisal for what had happened a month earlier. An ARVN patrol had found two 17-year-old girls by the banks of the Song Yen. The ARVN soldiers tortured the two girls. They used the ancient Chinese water torture of holding a rag over the girls' faces and then pouring water over the nose and mouth — it's like drowning, but very slowly. One broke down and revealed that they were message runners for the VC. They would meet a woman from Le Son on the outskirts of the village then they would carry any information she had given them to the local VC post. The girls gave the location of the post, a small underground cave, and the identities of three informers in the village. An ARVN patrol found the post and killed the five guerrillas manning it. Then they arrested the informers in the village.

The ARVN commander felt it was the best intelligence he had been able to strike since the night the VC had come into the village and assassi-

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GM

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EXCELLENCE

Down an alley, up steep steps, and a burbling opium pipe

nated the 14 men who were running the village for the South Vietnamese government. In 15 minutes the group which was called the Revolutionary Development Cadre was wiped out. It's hard to recruit new RD workers when that happens.

And so it goes un- and so there's no wonder, really, that the villagers of Le Son don't want to talk today.

It is 9 p.m. in Da Nang. Except for a couple of streets of brightly lighted and noisy bars playing Muzak, the city is in a warm, murky darkness, broken only by dim pools of light from widely spaced street lamps. Three men stand at the entrance of an alley. One of the men is French; the other two are American. A passing cyclo-man, the operator of a pedal-driven rickshaw, stops by the group and in broken English offers to take them to a brothel. One of the Americans, who speaks fluent Vietnamese, curtly dismisses the pimp.

When the cyclo-man has disappeared, the American starts down the alley. The two other men follow at intervals of 20 yards. The alley becomes a labyrinth, giving off into backyards and dimly lighted rooms where groups of Vietnamese men gathered talking around a table look up startled. A young woman squatting inside a doorway calls out softly to the men as they pass. Through another window two women are sprawled on a bed watching TV. Over everything is the overpowering stench of an Asian back alley — smells of spiced food, human excrement, rotting fruit, cheap perfume burning incense all mingling with the smell of the damp, steaming earth.

Stairway to danger

The men who are leading stops and makes one last turn that brings them into a courtyard. The Frenchman stumbles and knocks over an earthenware jug, which rolls over the ground through the darkness. A mongrel runs out snarling and bites at their ankles. The leader is having a whispered conversation with an old Chinese woman. She calls up to someone on a gallery above. Her voice is high, almost a whine. The person upstairs manipulates a lever and a gate made out of metal cans beaten flat is opened. Ahead is a flight of incredibly narrow and steep steps. The men grope their way up in the darkness. A tiny Chinese girl of about 10 leads them along the gallery into a small room where the men are greeted by an old and emaciated Chinese man.

In the room there are two sleeping platforms. One is covered with a mosquito net and under it a woman sleeps. On the other a Vietnamese of about 40 holds the long stem of an opium pipe over the flame of an oil lamp. He inhales and there is that peculiar burbling sound as the opium burns around the hole of the pipe bowl. The first American takes off his boots and lies down beside the Vietnamese, who hands him the pipe. The Chinaman rolls out a sleeping mat for the other two men. He gives them little wooden headrests and places a lamp between them and then prepares a pipe by smearing the dark sticky substance around the pipe bowl. He shows them the distance they must hold it from the flame and how to inhale steadily, deeply.

The atmosphere in the room is fragile. The light comes only from the oil lamps; the smoking use. The old man is very gentle. The people talk quietly, almost tenderly to each other. The opium they smoke comes from the famous poppy-growing area in the central highlands of North Vietnam. It is smuggled in through Laos. For more than 20 years Ho Chi Minh has used the proceeds from the illicit sales of opium in Southeast Asia to pay for all those very efficient and deadly Chinese-Communist weapons. That's why it is very dangerous to smoke opium in South Vietnam.

After an hour the old man gets nervous. He wants the foreigners to leave. They have to leave anyway — it will soon be curfew time. They pay him 100 *piastres* about a dollar for each pipe they have smoked and stumble down the narrow stairs.

Back in the streets they quietly pass the bars where USAID Jeeps are lined up. The American USAID workers are picking up their shackups; the bar girls who have put in a long day's work in little dungeonlike establishments called such names as the New Yorker, the Paradise Bar, the Blue Angel. In front of one of them a merchant seaman slaps away what at first he thought was just a friendly kid until he found a hand groping around for the bundle in his pocket.

The three men leave the bars then quietly separate. And the only sound that can be heard over their soft footfalls in the dark streets is the sporadic crack of rifle fire from the Marine sharpshooters stationed on the bridge across the Song Han. They have orders to shoot at every piece of debris that comes floating down the river, just in case it is a VC camouflaged high-explosive charge intended to blow the bridge away. It took the Americans a long time to build that structural steel bridge, more than a year. They had everything up but the last span, then somewhere between Hong Kong and Da Nang somebody sold it on them. It took another three months to replace the missing span.

MANZINI is a medical corpsman and so he is allowed to carry only a .45. And right now he has that .45 in his hand with the magazine in and the hammer back. He holds it pointing slightly up in the air as he follows the line of the sweep his squad is making through a grove of banana trees. Manzini is unhappy. It's getting dark and starting to rain again. And though this is his first combat operation, he has been in Vietnam long enough to know the platoon should have been dug in an hour ago on a secure perimeter. He is a little shaky too. Earlier in the afternoon the squad lost four men wading across a river to sniper fire. One of them went under from the weight of the pack on his back, and the current carried him away. Manzini patched up the other three as he had been trained to do, and the Medevac helicopter lifted them out. Now Manzini knows that if any men are hit they are going to be with him all night. At that moment he trips the transparent plastic line hidden in the grass at his feet.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees the movement of shoulder height and realizes in that split second it is a Bouncing Betty, a Viet Cong booby trap that is rigged to blow up at head height. Manzini yells and dives forward. A heavy object drops in the undergrowth. Nothing seems to be happening as he scrambles on his hands, knees and belly through the grass. Then the grenade explodes, blowing off his legs. And Manzini is screaming in agony, his teeth biting into the earth.

Death in the rain

At his first yell the squad dropped to the ground. Now everybody is yelling "What's happening?" A couple of Marines loose off bursts of M16 fire into the trees beyond Manzini. "Hold your fire! Marines to the right," somebody yells. The Marine closest to Manzini crawls up and yells. Manzini is not past it on. The squad leader immediately changes it to "The corpsman has been hit, pass it on." The corpsman from the next squad comes up and tries to patch Manzini up a bit. There's not much to do. He punches a syrette of morphine into Manzini's shoulder. But even intramuscularly, morphine takes 20 minutes to get there. And all the time Manzini is dying.

His buddy has come up and is lying beside him in the rain, holding what is left of Manzini's shattered body in his arms. He is trying to talk to him about things, small things, about it being okay about going home. But Manzini is scared and crying all the time, clutching at his friend. He keeps saying, "I thought it was okay. I thought it was okay." In about 15 minutes, which seems forever, he is dead.

The platoon digs in around the grove of banana trees. They put Manzini's body beside a shelled house. Then his friend covers Manzini with his own rain poncho. Later a Marine who is trying to build a shelter for himself to keep out the rain comes over and pulls off the poncho. Manzini lies out there in the rain and in the morning the ants are all over him. The sergeant asks who took the poncho. Nobody says anything.

The sergeant pulls a bamboo curtain down out of the shelled house. They wrap Manzini up in that and two combat engineers are assigned to carry him out to where the helicopter will take him away. ★

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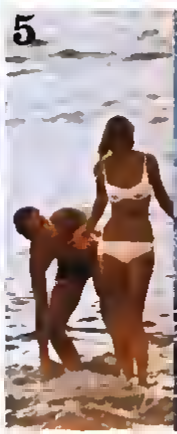
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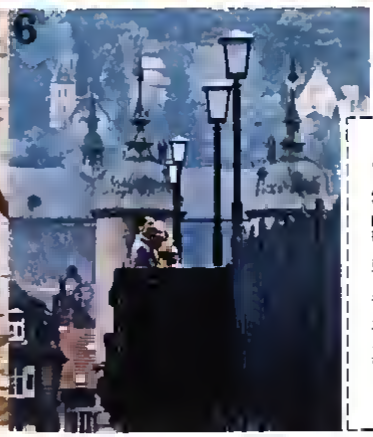














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DEAN RUSK *continued from page 9*

"Chinese attitudes are not unrelated to Hanoi's policies"

of our problems with each other in some detail. The suggestion of a "bombing suspension" is not one which offends the United States. The trouble is that Hanoi calls a pause an ultimatum. The point is that no one in the world can tell us what would happen if we stopped the bombing. Hanoi refuses to do so, and no one else is able to do so. But we shall not abandon the effort to find a peaceful settlement in the problems of Southeast Asia.

Maclean's: How do you feel about Canada's willingness to admit American draft dodgers as immigrants?

Rusk: Canada is fully capable of deciding for itself which immigrants it wishes to receive. So far as I know this matter has not been discussed between our two governments.

Maclean's: In general, what is the effect of public criticism by foreign but normally friendly countries? Is it better to express these views openly or only in private? Or not at all?

Rusk: Canada and the United States have different responsibilities in the South Pacific. The United States has alliances with Korea, Japan, the Republic of China, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and Thailand. South Vietnam is covered by the SEATO Treaty. Canada is not a party to any of these treaties but is a member of the International Control Commission under the Geneva Arrangements. We would hope that our Canadian friends would understand that we have a vital stake in the integrity of our alliances in the Pacific Ocean area. We might believe that Canada's own national interests are related to these alliances whose purpose is to preserve peace in the Pacific — but that is a matter for Canada to decide. On our part, we understand the special responsibilities which Canada bears as a member of the International Control Commission. These are onerous duties and Canada carries them with integrity. We cannot ask that other democracies take steps to restrain public criticism which we ourselves would not take in our free society. We do soften understanding — but beyond that we cannot properly go.

Maclean's: When people mention the so-called "domino theory" in talking about Vietnam, the usual assumption is that all the dominoes are standing on end in Southeast Asia and its immediate neighborhood. Would it be fair to suggest that some other dominoes seem to be tottering in other areas — Europe, Latin America, the United States itself? How do you strike a balance in appraising these elements of support and opposition?

Rusk: I have never talked about the "domino theory" because it is much too simplistic and suggests that somehow we are playing games. The problem is that there are North Vietnamese regiments today fighting in South Vietnam. There are North Vietnamese armed forces in Laos being opposed by Laotian forces. There are North Vietnamese trained guerrillas operating in northeast Thailand.

It takes two to make a peace and we would like to see some indication from the other side that they accept the notion that all countries, large and small, as the United Nations Charter puts it, have a right to live in peace without molestation from across their frontiers.

When that moment comes there can be peace very quickly indeed and the United States will be no obstacle whatever in making a peace on that basis. As to the situation in other areas, my own judgment would be that Europe and Latin America are both making steady progress in key respects, although there are of course difficulties that may attract disproportionate attention. I have already commented on the situation within the United States as it relates to the Vietnam issue.

Maclean's: Do you regard China as the real enemy in the Vietnam war?

Rusk: No. The aggressor nominates himself by his own action. U.S. combat forces are in South Vietnam because North Vietnam has been sending men and arms, including regiments of its regular army, into South Vietnam. But Chinese attitudes and positions are not unrelated to Hanoi's policies. What we are seeking in Asia is an organized and reliable peace. We are not picking out Peking as some sort of special enemy. By advocating and abetting the violent overthrow of legally constituted governments there is little doubt that Peking has in practical terms designated itself as a state antagonistic to what we and virtually every other state in the world see as the rule of law and order in international relations. In simple terms, we believe and have believed throughout my term of office and before that if Hanoi were to take over South Vietnam by force, the effect would be to stimulate the expansionist ambitions of Communist China and greatly to weaken the will and capacity of the independent nations of Southeast Asia to resist. Thus the Vietnamese situation has a direct bearing on freedom throughout Southeast Asia and particularly freedom of the area from Communist Chinese pressure and subversion. This connection is not a new political one. It has historic large in the thinking and expression of President Johnson, President Kennedy and their predecessors, and it plays a major part in the sympathetic views of the great body of responsible opinion in Southeast Asia toward the allied effort in support of South Vietnam.

Maclean's: Is there any possibility of improving United States relations with China while Mao Tse-tung is alive and ruling the country?

Rusk: We would be glad to find some ways of improving our relations with the people of mainland China once Peking indicates its willingness to live at peace with other countries in Asia and with us. We have expressed our hope for reconciliation. We have sought some sign from Peking that it is interested in either increasing contacts with the United States or discussing on a bilateral or multilateral basis such major problems of peace and security as disarmament and an easing of tensions in Asia. Thus far Peking has given us no hint of interest. It seems to be saying that there is nothing to discuss between us unless we surrender Taiwan.

Maclean's: What is your appraisal of the danger that the hostility between the United States and Mao's China may lead to all-out war?

Rusk: We have no hostile intent toward Communist China. We wish to avoid a conflict with Peking, and we have taken every measure to avoid such a conflict. We believe Peking knows this. We think the Chinese also wish to avoid such a conflict and I would see no reason to believe there is any final inevitability that it will occur.

Maclean's: Are you convinced that Mao's China has adopted a firm policy of military expansion?

Rusk: The Chinese have given ample evidence in the past that they are not reluctant to use direct military force across their borders. I would prefer, however, to emphasize that Peking, by its physical size, its population, its large army, its developing nuclear capability and the policies it espouses, poses a threat which is real in the minds of other Asians. Peking has made completely clear its view that the doctrine and policies which it advocates are the proper and only appropriate guide for the behavior and development of all other states, particularly those in Asia. It shelters the leaders of insurrectionary movements from a number of Asian states and provides them with funds. It helps to arm and train their supporters. It publicly calls for the overthrow of the legitimate governments of these states. Whether the Chinese themselves physically intend to occupy the countries around them is less to the point than that they seem determined at least at this point in time to see the present governments of these states violently replaced by regimes which accept Peking's main policies. ★



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But that's not the complete answer. If she is going to reach her full potential, you'll have to build a system around her that lets her use all of her skills. And it helps if the system has provision in it for the occasional human error. Why should she have to tear up a whole letter because she makes a mistake in the last line? Why not give her equipment that lets her correct the letter faultlessly and save the ten minutes she would otherwise have wasted? It can be done. There is a way. And there is an education course that goes with it, free. The system is called Word Processing and installed the IBM way it can turn every girl in your steno pool into a private secretary. How? Ask us. The Office Products Division of IBM. We'll be glad to help you.

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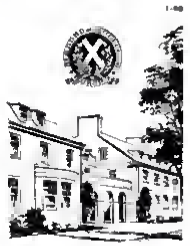
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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN

MEDICINE

BY EARL DAMUDE

Will we get shots to make us smarter?

Did you ever wish you could get an injection to make you smarter? The idea is not as far out as it sounds. Dr. Georges Ungar of Baylor University's College of Medicine in Houston, Texas, has been taking the brains of educated rats, homogenizing them and injecting the extract into ignorant mice. He found the mice injected with the brain cells of smart rats learned faster than mice injected with brain cells from uneducated rats.

To educate the rats Dr. Ungar teaches them to run through mazes, escape electric shocks or become familiar to sudden sounds and blasts of air. Ungar thinks this education is transferred chemically. He attributes the better showing of the mice injected with educated rat brain extract to ceded information contained in the extract which then assists the brains of the mice and influences their behavior.

Where could this kind of experimenting lead? Dr. Ungar says it may be possible one day if such transfer of information is perfected to use it in the treatment of human mental disorders. The behavior of mental patients could be changed by injecting them with material presumably from newly dead people and adding for acceptable human behavior.

Transplants battle not won

If you are one of those people who think medical science is moving from one triumphal breakthrough to another here is news for you. Right now nature has thrown up a roadblock that is disconcerting the researchers in a most important field of investigation, human organ transplantation.

There are many surgeons in all parts of the world who could transplant almost all of our vital organs. They have the skill. Why then isn't transplantation going ahead? The road block here is the immune reaction or the rejection mechanism. This simply means your body will murder to forces the antibodies in the blood and kill off the cells in the new strange tissue. Some drugs have been developed which will help suppress the rejection antibodies and enable the transplant to start functioning and growing. One of these drugs, the newest one is azathioprine, and an older one is prednisone. But people who have been given a "stranger" kidney have to take these drugs for the rest of their lives and even then the body's rejection forces often overcome the action of these drugs and destroy the implanted organ.

If you get a kidney from your parents or from a brother or sister, because the cellular structure is so much alike, your body will not consider such a transplant as a stranger. The most successful transplants have been between such blood relatives.

Professor Jean Hamburger of Paris, one of the world authorities on transplantation came to Canada recently and told doctors at the Canadian Medical Association convention that scientists who claim they are getting close to solving the problem of rejection are not facing up to the facts. He said the body's action in rejecting foreign tissue is extremely complex and he sees no easy solution.

This roadblock of nature is not going to stop the research into the causes of transplant rejection. Far from it. Nor will this setback generate any long term pessimism. Scientists are a tenacious breed. Someday doctors may be able to transplant kidneys, livers, lungs and perhaps hearts with a high margin of long term success. But it is not just around the corner.

Good-by hiccups

You'll be glad to know that doctors have finally found a way to stop the most persistent hiccups.

To most of us, hiccupping is a minor annoyance but when it starts during an operation (and it often does) it can become a life and death matter. The heaving of the chest cavity can make the surgeon's knife-wielding hand slip or interfere with because the throat closes momentarily at each hiccup. Some cases of hiccups in the operating room have become so serious that surgeons have had to crush the nerve to the diaphragm in an effort to stop them.

In a new attack on the hiccup a team of doctors at the University of Chicago's School of Medicine put a small rubber catheter through the nose and shove it down into the pharynx, the area of the throat between the back of the mouth and the esophagus. Then they pull the catheter gently back and forth stimulating the pharynx. This simple procedure stops the hiccups almost instantly.

The doctors tried the pharynx stimulation on 85 people with hiccups that would not stop. Within a minute 84 of the 85 people stopped hiccupping.

The pharynx stimulation probably works because the catheter irritates with the impulses in the vagus nerve whose electrical charges trigger the hiccups — but the doctors aren't less they're not sure.

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★ People who aren't afraid to be people have been "taking it" from white power for years. Now I suppose the time has come to give the other cheek to be just as viciously slapped by black power, which like white power is simply hate power. I'm for rainbow power. If people want to sort out their associates and marriage partners by anti-color that is their privilege but they have no right to discriminate against the golden children of people who have married across former color barriers. Beauty doesn't depend on skin color but skin color of any hue can be part of human beauty.
MRS. PAUL HUBERT, OTTAWA, ONT.

Car insurance: who pays?

In the course of defending present car insurance rates (Argument) Russell A. Plumler admits that it requires a large group of contributors to make any insurance plan work. This is the very point of having a government administered plan, such as Saskatchewan has, in which everyone who licenses a car pays his share. Everyone involved in an accident is covered, there is no delay and the plan is non-profit. How could some hundreds of private companies offer these advantages while maintaining offices all over the place and still show the profit they must have without charging much higher rates? — W. A. WRIGHT, BIRCH HILL (TURGO), N.S.

Deaf babies

On reading Don Bell's report on McGill University's Project for Deaf Children (*Now, A Better Break For Deaf Babies*, Reports) I realized that he had missed what we regard as an enormously important point. The Project was launched by a community minded group of young women — the Junior League of Montreal Inc. They raised $28,000 for the first two years' work and have supplied 38 volunteers who work weekly in various areas of the study. Dr. Hollis E. Moylan, Chairman of the Institute of Otolaryngology at McGill, dreamed up the McGill Project and persuaded the Junior League to adopt it as their Centennial venture. Dr. Moylan and I have been enormously impressed with the Junior League's efforts. — DANIEL LING, PROJECT DIRECTOR, MCGILL UNIVERSITY PROJECT FOR DEAF CHILDREN, MONTREAL.

The better way

There's a good point to be made in respect to *Why Liberals Almost Wish Diefenbaker Back* (Reports). Although Dalton could make the Gallup squirm with his revealing questions the ministers remained in office. But Bob Stanfield's reasonable attitude will give him what Canada needs: the prime ministership.
REID FRASER, HAVELOCK, ONT.

★ Blair Fraser dismisses much of the faith Liberal premiers as a possible successor to Prime Minister Pearson. As a New Brunswicker, I think he is too hasty in dismissing our Louis Premier Robichaud possesses many of the attributes of a successful leader. He is a winner, having just won a record third term in his party in this province. He is not afraid of new ideas. He is financially beholden to no one. He is of French descent which according to precedent, the next Liberal leader should be, but he is fearless in opposing the radicalism of so many of the Quebec French. He is young enough to attract the younger voters, but old

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Universities: is "big" good enough? / Where did the VC go?

enough to have had plenty of political experience.
DOUGLAS M. BROWN ST. MARTINS, NB

"Education is not a gift"

Professor C. Wallington Webb's article, *A Consumer's Report on Canada's Top Universities*, does not always recognize that the traditional function of educating the young, one by one is at least as important as that of promoting the more expensive advance in research which leads him seriously to underestimate the worth of small liberal arts colleges in relation to that of larger teaching and research universities. He also fails to take into account the vital principle that education is not a gift that a student finds waiting for him in huge libraries and "prestigious" faculty lists but rather a process which the student must direct for himself with the assistance of good men and good facilities.
DOUGLAS WHATLEY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

* Quantity is an uncertain and unsound yardstick for measuring such things as education and personal enlightenment. It seems to me that the worth of a university library lies in the intelligent and purposeful design of its collections and not in the sheer number of books it may be able to accumulate — many of which may be duplicate copies, as in the case of Toronto. A better method of evaluation would have been to acknowledge the different aspirations of universities. Bishops and many other Canadian universities are not ambitious to become actors of Canadian higher education, and it is valueless to judge them by such standards. — WILLIAM MOODY, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SAINT JOHN

* While the main conclusions and listings in Webb's article seem quite plausible, there is one important factor that he has neglected in his rankings. That is the ratio in honors and graduate courses of the number of students to each professor, or on the department level, the number of post-graduate degrees granted per year in relation to the size of particular departments. Some well-rated universities operate like mills and their degrees are mere prizes for endurance.
F. A. GUNTER, ALGONQUIN COMMUNITY SCHOOL, NORTH BAY, ONT.

* Two factors make the size of a university's library holdings somewhat irrelevant in the difficult task of evaluating that university. First, holdings are cumulative so the number of books may tell you more about how old a university is than about how good it is. Second, the provision of interlibrary borrowing gives any student access to all the holdings of virtually any library in the world.
ALAN ARBACH, UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO, WATERLOO, ONT.

* Webb's criteria reflect a belief that education is little more than an accretion to the library. When at the University of Western Ontario were particularly disturbed by his failure to measure such factors as faculty-student ratios or the use of tutorials to promote greater involvement in subject matter. Obviously he regards education of undergraduates as worthy of little attention when compared to the "real purpose" of getting graduate students.—JOHN B. BARKHAL, UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO, LONDON

Viet Cong revisited

Your report on the visit to Quebec by three students from the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam (*The Canadians War Over the Viet Cong*, Reports) reminded me of the way they originally slipped away from Sir George Williams University to the Cuban and Russian pavilions at Expo. This could not be farther from the truth. The trip spoke not only at Sir George Williams and McGill as you noted but went on to address enthusiastic audiences in Quebec City, Joliette, Chicoutimi and Montreal. Between public appearances they sandwiched in countless meetings with student leaders from smaller schools with journalists, labor leaders (both CNTU and QFL) and even with two specially organized student groups from the U.S. The visit as far as we are concerned was an unqualified success.
VICTOR BARNOUVIN, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, UNION GENERALE DES ÉTUDIANTS DU QUÉBEC, MONTREAL

Within Don Bell replies: "I did not mean to suggest that the three students were inactive during the remainder of their 15-day visit to Quebec. Faced with a deadline Maclean's wasn't able to cover the latter part of the visit." ★

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

FEBRUARY 1968 VOLUME 81 NUMBER 2

Even in Centennial year we couldn't win 'em all

WHILE MANY TOWNS and cities across Canada have been able to congratulate themselves over happily completed Centennial projects, the three most conspicuous cities in central Canada would be just as happy not to be reminded of all the things that went wrong with *their* projects.

In Montreal, one major Centennial project was seriously affected by Expo 67. Predictably the big fair overshadowed everything else — but also deluded some Centennial-minded citizens into thinking that in this town *anything* was possible and wishing would make it so. With such psychology, converting the old Montreal Canadian stock exchange into Le Centre Culturel du Vieux Montreal seemed like a great idea for a Centennial project. Its promoters called it a bilingual, bicultural centre of entertainment at all levels, with two theatres equipped for film all the latest audio-visual equipment, an art gallery, a book and record shop, a pub, a discothèque and a bar. The federal government contributed $100,000 and private donors pledged $59,000. As well, the Centennial Commission contributed $30,000 toward a stage production called Village de Pierre, done in the Czechs' Laterna Magica style. It was completely rehearsed but never got presented. Two weeks after a spectacular opening (see January *Maclean's*) Le Centre, $500,000 in debt and unable to finance the full run of its opening play, closed its massive oak doors. With another three weeks' work and $250,000 needed for completion, costs were more than double the original estimate. Workmen were owed $43,000 in back pay.

Convinced they could get the necessary backing—such as operating costs from the Quebec government—if they came up with an attractive package, directors Jacques Languirand and Leon Klein had pushed too far too fast. "People say we are always walking on the clouds," mused Languirand to what must rank as the understatement of the Centennial. "But I don't think people with their feet on the ground would ever have got the thing going."

Victor Barnett, a chartered accountant who is working *gratis* to try to save the Centre, says the only hope creditors have of getting even part of their money is for the Centre to reopen. But meanwhile, behind the columned façade of the old building the phones are disconnected and snow has covered the piles of sand left outside by unhappy workmen. Klein is no longer a director; seventeen of the production staff who offered to work for nothing are making ends meet elsewhere and even the exliberal Languirand admits he has "ceased to hope for miracles."

ELIZABETH GRAY

In Toronto, they have a late entry as a centennial project which almost didn't make it. It's the authentically restored St. Lawrence Hall opened by Governor-General Michener on December 28 (though renovation wasn't completed until January). The original Centennial project, the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts hasn't got anywhere, though Mayor William Dennison predicts that it will soon be under construction. The Centre project was envisioned in 1962 as a $25 million low-rise-building complex comprising three schools, a market, a plaza, 1,500-seat theatre and a building housing museums, art gallery, lecture rooms, restaurant and administrative offices.

Two years later, this grandiose layout was redrawn and the cost whittled down to $5,450,000 exclusive of land. The Toronto Arts Foundation was set up to raise $2.3 million and architects were asked for a design. In May, 1965, the city council voted 11-10 in favor of the more modest scheme, but the Toronto Arts Foundation gave up on public subscriptions. Nevertheless, Mayor Moore was appointed director, and Philip Givens (then mayor) launched a campaign to raise $1 million. By November $1,700,000 had been promised by donors at large. But in December, 1966, tenders came in at nearly $3 million over budget.

Meanwhile work on St. Lawrence Hall was progressing and it was promised for July 1, 1967. In March a wall collapsed and delayed things but on July 1 Mayor Dennison laid the cornerstone and proclaimed the restoration "a Toronto Centennial project." Fall of '67 saw Board of Control favoring the Arts Centre by only one vote and the federal government refusing requests for more money. As Centennial year ended Torontonians had their almost finished—considerably-over-budget—St. Lawrence Hall but were nowhere near becoming sidewalk superintendents for their multi-million-dollar cultural centre.

JOAN WEATHERSTON

In Ottawa, the National Arts Centre claims distinction as the slowest-rising building with the fastest-rising costs. When the project was approved by the cabinet in late 1963 it was touted as Ottawa's most spectacular Centennial showcase, due to open in time for 1967 celebrations. Cost was estimated around nine million dollars. By mid-1964 the Centre's cost was up to $12 million but elaborate underground parking and other extras had doubled the total outlay to $18 million. Since then, estimates have gone up a few million at a time to today's $42 million. And the earliest it can hope to open is mid-1969.

Bemused Ottawans, traditionally slow to complain, are apt to shrug off the whole fiasco with a joke. (Favorite during the referendum excavation period: "Ottawa is the only city that doesn't know its Arts from a hole in the ground.")

The Centre certainly sounds worth waiting for. It will contain a 2,300-seat Opera House, a 900-seat theatre, and a 300-seat experimental studio theatre; facilities for simultaneous translation into English and French; underground parking for 900 cars; a restaurant and cafe; and some magnificently *avant garde* statuary. It will also cost Ottawa two million dollars a year to keep the place going.

NAC director general G. Hamilton Southam sees no scandal in the Centre's more-than-quadrupled costs and delays. "Original estimates," he says, "were based on very preliminary and incomplete information. No building of the kind had been done in Canada before." And even present estimates compare well with those for similar projects in the United States, he says.

Southam even insists he can see an unexpected benefit in the delayed opening. "Now we have something to look forward to after the end of Centennial year."

EILEEN TURCOTTE

Television

A year of high drama—and low butchery

CBC dramatists have come of age. Now when will CTV's movie editors grow up?

THIS SEASON is undoubtedly going to be known as the time when CBC television drama appropriately put away childish things and came suddenly gloriously of age. First, *Festival* gave us the two big NFB-CBC productions, Don Owen's *The Ernie Game* and Ron Kelly's *Waiting for Caroline*. They weren't perfect but they weren't embarrassingly self-conscious either, both *said* something about contemporary Canada and said it with polish and professionalism. For almost the first time the scripts, camera work, direction and editing were all as competent as the actors and combined to inspire excellent performances from Alexa Kanner and Alexandra Stewart.

Just how important writing and technical credits are to TV drama was demonstrated by CTV's *The Rumble of Silence* followed the next night by the CBC's *The Paper People*. Both productions featured Mavor Strange and Kate Reid, both plots hovered around Toronto's hippie Yorkville. However, the CTV play, the network's first major independent production, was as shallow as a soap opera and as tedious as a symphony for two flat triangles. It was honestly difficult for anyone seperate the actors from the deodorant commercials. Amid a jumble of verbal and visual clichés was a daring shot of Strange telling a supposedly naked girl in bed to cover herself up. We saw her from the knees down. *That* was about the CBC's speed 10 years ago.

Yet Strange and Miss Reid fairly sparkled in *The Paper People*. Admittedly the CBC production cost considerably more than CTV's effort. But Ottawa senators to the contrary, it was worth it. The plot had depth, mystery and resolution. The direction was both deft and adventurous, which is difficult. And there were a couple of scenes

Kots Raid in the bad and the beautiful; Marshall fonnd CBC's Paper People (left) really sparkled while CTV's Rumble at Silence simply fizzled



— one in a projection room, the other at a death ball — that could only be classified as high drama. As actors are always saying, the vehicle is the thing.

And finally there was *Wojeck*. Last month I doubted that car safety among other things, could be turned into the sort of drama that tears are shed for. I was wrong. The opening two-parter, *Suing Low Sweet Chariot* (the last script incidentally from creator Phillip Hersch) came together with the same cathartic punch that made this series famous.

The flaws were in the first part. Hersch's traditional blend of diverse themes produced plot confusion [which wasn't helped by casting two roles with almost identical actors] and there was no real climax. But for viewers who stuck with it, the concluding episode was simply brilliant. Knit together, as I saw it in a preview this 16-mm color production was more of a topnotch feature film than a TV drama. In fact producer Ron Weyman is planning to recut it and offer it to one of the American networks as a first-run movie.

Most of the CBC movies this season (all those on *Festival*) had the subpoena advantage of being shown as their makers intended them to be shown — unabbreviated and uninterrupted by commercials. Nothing evaporates suspense on television more than the sudden appearance of that whiter-than-white dot pulsating madly in the top right hand corner of the screen. The dots are supposed to cue network technicians (who must all be nearly blind) that a videotape break is coming up in 60 seconds. But they also warn veteran viewers that it's time to start thinking about going to the bathroom, putting the kettle on or grabbing a beer.

And no program drives confirmed dot-watchers dottier than CTV's Saturday night movie. Last season CTV editors (butchers rather) chopped up Fellini's *8½* so much that no mindy esoteric film was made totally incomprehensible. No sooner had one break ended than the white dot was flashing away heralding another. Earlier this season CTV snipped out the entire holiday sequence of *Roman Holiday* (making the last 30 minutes a complete *non sequitur*) and followed up this triumph a week later by removing a Tiffany's scene from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Things improved somewhat with Hitchcock's *The Birds* [to cut *waything* from a Hitchcock film is like putting a moustache on the Mona Lisa] but again a key scene explaining the fundamental symbolism of the story was unaccountably dropped. Unaccountably because the cut version finished 10 minutes early. Can't they even time things up there?

To massacre classic movies is merely gauche and stupid. (How long, I wonder, will even the most crass of sponsors go on paying prime-time prices for programs that simply antagonize and bewilder viewers?) What seems to me more of an outright swindle is CTV's habit of sometimes tucking a couple of extra commercials into the already-edited hour-long shows it buys from the American or British networks. This gratuitous excising of action or credits is by no means a regular trick. But it happens often enough on popular programs like *The FBI* and *Star Trek* to look like greed to me.

In the past CTV execs have pleaded that the cost of buying top U.S. shows is so high that they have to resort to such practices in order to show them to Canadian audiences at all. I find this difficult to swallow for various reasons. But mainly I question the implication that CTV's profit margin is so slight it feels justified in cheating Canadian teenagers out of a couple of extra minutes with their beloved *Monkees* each week.

Franchises for independent TV stations may not always be the licences to print money that Lord Thomson once said they were. But neither are they licences to debase TV's own coinage. As all dot-watchers know, the gold and silver content is low enough already.

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

Happenings

The night the bards burnt up the hotline

THE STEREOTYPE of the poet as a dreamy-eyed individual wasting away in a lonely garret as he pens delicate love sonnets on perfumed paper may crumble once and for all, thanks to a CBC innovation: the poetry phone-in.

To mark the launching of the new Oxford University Press anthology of Canadian poems, the eastern region of CBC Radio and the French language Radio Canada network one evening opened their lines to fledgling poets. With historic poet Michel Garneau as moderator and a live audience packed into Montreal's newest Classic Book Shop, the bilingual hot line poetry session was a smashing success.

We were prepared for the cannongency of not getting a single call," co-producer Gilles Coumm admitted afterwards. "But every mute, inglorious Milton was on the phone trying to get through." In fact, the four lines were jammed with calls during the two-hour program, and dozens of bards, their ranbics at the ready, couldn't get through.

Some of the poems were sentimental slop. Summer time is a lovely time / of the birds and the trees and the ann / it makes you feel to live again / inside you know you've won [illegible]re exited one woman, evoking ittem from the sephisticated bookstore audience. But the poems improved as the night wore on and the potential of the new medium became evident. Even so, one caller barked in a staccato voice: "Invers divide the old cloaks of a cold age await the white feathers of snow/ their eyes tender black and warm like footprints winter is rising like a phoenix."

And nobody even winced at 30 minutes past midnight when Henry Beissel one of the live poets, broke a long standing CBC taboo by reading a poem containing the abominable four-letter word ("It all adds up to 1984 answers to a single question / what the hell do you think this is? — / A [censored] funeral parade?"). It was inevitable that it would happen one day." CBC Tuesday Night producer Robert Weaver later told Canture, who was pleased that no one made an issue over the matter. [Earlier in the year when broadcaster Patrick McFadden tried to stull across the word during a censorship discussion on the open line Cross Conntry Check-up show, he was promptly beeped ent.]

Now Contnre hopes to organize more poetry phone-ins perhaps even nually as regular programs. CBC brass, in fact, am wondering if the format could be expanded to include other artistic realms — such as plays staged in sitnrbben living rooms and broadcast live across the country non-stop.

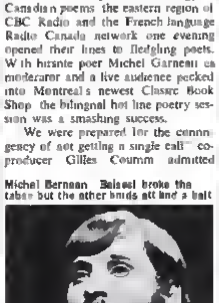
Books

The walking dead who rose from the ashes

RALPH ELLISON probably said it first and best in his hennting novel *The Invisible Man* more than 15 years ago. He examined the anatomy of rose discrimination as it is applied to the Negro of North America and discovered that what hurt most was having the noiseeng eyes of the smng majority look right through him. Rocky Jones, the Negro yonth leader in Halifax, said it differently but no less persuasively nor long ago when he told me: "A man's got to be somebody. He just can't stand being nobody."

In a different context perhaps much of the separatist's resentment in Quebec stems from the belief that *les Anglais* have taken their people for granted for so many years.

Michel Bernard Beissel broke the taboo but the other bards all had a ball



When all hell broke loose in the ugly heat of "Burn, baby, burn" in the Watts district of Los Angeles in August 1965, black youngsters scuffed through the rubble and gave their own answer, which went something like this: "You know what the trouble is — nobody cared. You white



Schultberg Smith

people uptown don't give a damn about us. Hell, even our middle-class Negroes move out and don't care about us."

But some people did care and tried to do something about it. Budd Schulberg is a writer [*The Harder They Fall* and the film *On The Waterfront*] and Los Angeles is his town. So when he tried to do something about it, the vehicle he used was a writers' workshop, named Douglass House after a runaway slave who taught himself to read and wrote powerfully for abolition. In his book *From the Ashes* (General Publishing, $7.50) Schulberg tells how a group of Negroes, most of them young (though them were older ones, too, and at least one Mexican boy) sought some answers for themselves and their people and indeed their country by writing. The bulk of the book is made up of the writing they did and Schulberg calls it "Voices of Watts."

There was 18-year-old Lennas Sirrah, who began one of his poems with the line "Never know a begin of me." Schulberg's first reaction was to correct his grammar; guide this primitive talent's efforts into more conventional strophes. Then he realized the line and the poem had a beat and integrity of their own. When the time came for Lennas to receive a prize for his verse, he was in jail on a robbery charge. His friends got him out in time to get the award and he was arrested again for another crime committed at the precise time he was getting his award. He beat both charges. Not many Los Angeles cops turn up as good guys in the writing that comes out of the Watts workshop.

Them were doubtem as the project moved along with the efforts of Schulberg and donations from friends like John Steinbeck and Irwin Shaw. One young man said, "Why feel around with a lot of fancy words for what we want? We all know we want freedom. It's the one word. Without freedom we are not alive. We am walking dead men." Schulberg, though almost a doubter himself at times, writes: "Despite the pontificators of Field Marshal McLuhan I refused to lose faith in the word."

The samples of writing in *From the Ashes* are sometimes good, probably never great. They are shot through with race-consciousness and bitterness but they are full of life and anger. Schulberg hopes the workshop will inspire an Afro-American literary renaissance as significant as Harlem's in the 1920s. Maybe so. In the meantime the stories and poems together with Schulberg's words of faith, make a strong document for our time.

Ed Smith, an Alabama Negro, sought his answers not so much in words as in action. He joined the Peace Corps and was sent to Ghana as a teacher and while he was there he kept a secret diary which he smuggled out [as *Where to, Black Man?* (Burns and MacEachern, $6.00)] he tells the story of that time with its hopes, at first, his bewilderment and final disillusionment.

He went to Africa, the land of his ancestors, full of expiration and the belief that black men around the world would act as brothers. At the outset, he thought, "I ought to search someone with my people's tragic experience in Mr. Charles's America. But I was disappointed too many years of indirect rule had cheated the African of the awareness of the Machiavellian scheme that was still at work wherever the black man had allowed his white oppressors to reign victorious. He could talk about the unification of Africa but not about the unity of black men throughout the world."

In this land of superstition he heard tales of human sacrifice still being made, saw *juju* at work, heard a student say he wanted to go to America and marry a white girl to "show off," and he felt like a stranger. He concluded sadly, "Well, it's about time I faced facts; I am not one of them and never can be. I think I've always known that, and perhaps what I'm struggling for is their recognition, not of a 'lost brother' but of one who understands and wants to be understood in turn."

Even in the land of his fathers this black American was somehow still invisible.

JOHN CLARE

Afraid of bad breath? Why be only 99% safe?

Why reeks the goat on yonder hill —
Doth he not dote on chlorophyll?
—Anon

BACK IN 1951 it seemed that science had discovered the ultimate weapon to help the forces of good (Madison Avenue) trounce the forces of evil (Unpleasant Odor). Chlorophyll, Nature's Magic Purifyer — it had been waiting there in the grass for millennia — turned up in everything from candy mints ("For Kissing Sweet Breath") to dog food ("Rover Can't Brush After Meals"). For 18 months, the western world seemed to bask as a new and delicate effluvium.

It was, alas, an illusion. Today, as every television viewer knows, bad breath is bigger than ever. The new weapons are an assortment of blue, green, red and yellow mouthwashes that taste good ("Like gargling with soda pop," sniffs Listerine) and look, in their distinctive bottles, like cosmetics instead of medicines.

The new brands serve a new public. In the last few years mouthwash has found a mass market among teenagers and young marrieds who, in the words of a Toronto product manager, "are 99 percent sure their breath doesn't offend, but don't mind spending 79 cents for absolute peace of mind, you know what I mean?" All this tranquility cost Canadians $9 000 000 last year, a jump of more than 100 percent since 1965 and of almost 500 percent since 1959. P. J. Johnson, brand manager of Procter and Gamble's new emerald green Scope ("Once in the morning does it"), hazards that the buoyant mouthwash market may eventually challenge toothpaste.

Still number one in the bad-breath stakes is disagreeable tasting Listerine, which has been on the market since 1881, but which rose to preeminence in the 30s with a campaign based on three deathless lines: "Even Your Best Friend Won't Tell You"; "Often a Bridesmaid, Never a Bride"; and "If You Want the Truth, Go to a Child." Also deathless — at still appears in Webster — is "halitosis," a nonword coined 35 years ago for Listerine by one G. B. Lambert. The noble of a genteel past it has long since been supplanted by "bad breath," even on the quaint Listerine label.

("Bad breath" is not, however, acceptable on Canadian television, according to a Board of Broadcast Governors ruling. Hence such distinctively Canadian euphemisms as "jungle mouth" (Colgate 100) and, simply "breath." In Canadian TV commercials, "breath" invariably means "bad breath." On U.S. television a Brooklyn secretary pushing Scope, says, "Boss, you've got bad breath." But her Canadian counterpart merely says, "Boss, you've got to do something about your breath." To Canadians, "clean breath" may soon be as absurd a contradiction of terms as "warm ice.")

At the moment the undisputed leader of the tasty brands and second to Listerine in sales is a sweet red mouthwash named Lavoris ("You know it's working 'cause it puckers as it cleans"). Launched nationally in 1958, Lavoris has been wooing the teenage market with an "Ask Fran" radio-TV series in which a peculiarly obnoxious lovelorn columnist offers the same solution to every problem: Look to your breath. Beef Colgate 100. Micrin ("Foams away stale-mouth film") and Scope are the other big consumer brands. Cepacol and Sten/sol are restricted to drug stores and advertised exclusively — and exhaustively — to doctors and dentists. "We're really after dental recommendation," explains a Steri/sol account executive. But most dentists are noncommittal.

"It really doesn't make any difference what you use," says one. "The bad-tasting brand doesn't work any harder. On the other hand there haven't been any new developments in the field for 50 years. I advise my patients to use a different brand every time they buy to take advantage of any slight differences in formula. It's heresy to say so, but they're all about the same."

Of course, no dentist is going to convince the world of that. In 1859 a New York wholesale druggist brought forth Sozodont, a fierce red liquid, 37 percent alcohol, that represented "the Most Convenient, Efficacious and Beneficial Article for the Month the World has Ever Seen." Monthwash has been impressing ever since.

JON RUDDY

The Contest

CONTEST NO. 22

Readers were invited to compose parodies of nursery rhymes on some aspect of pollution. This invitation resulted in one of the heaviest floods of contest mail since this series began. The great bulk of entries, unfortunately, left the contest judges wearily suspecting that Canada is inhabited by ramblitudes of Edgar Guests who am all too ready to scribble rhyme without reason. However, a dozen or more entries were found to be good if not excellent, and narrowing these down to a manageable army of winners proved to be a delicate and demanding task. The final decision was to award first, second and third prizes of $25, $20 and $15 respectively, plus three consolation prizes of $10 apiece. Here's the $25 winner, from a Winnipegger who apparently sent as a street address but no name. He or she can claim the prize by writing to us from the correct address.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All the King's horses and all the
King's men
Shoveled his rotting remains into
Lake Superior.



Second prize of $20 for:

Jack and Jill went up the hill
And had a drink of water
Jack fell down.

M. TOOKE,
TORONTO.

Third prize of $15 for:

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow
But since the factory came to town
She calls him Old Black Joe

MRS. V. CHARRON,
OAKVILLE, ONT.

And consolation prizes of $10 each for:

Jack and Jill went down the hill
To swim in the lake for an hour,
But the smell of dead fish
On the beach made them wish
They'd stayed home and just taken a shower.

T. O. CAMERON
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How strangely your family grows—
With shriveled cells
And coughing spells
And a snorkel instead of a nose!

V. F. TAYLOR,
OTTAWA

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To see a wee laddie ride on his toy horse
Smog in his windpipe
And spray in his greasel
Do you think he will ever
Get out of his teens?

MRS. U. E. WILSON
LLOYDMINSTER, ALTA.

CONTEST NO. 24

With the Liberals preparing to pick a new leader, and hence a new prime minister for Canada, there has inevitably been speculation over every candidate and contingency — except one. What if the party convention cannot agree on a new leader? The Liberals might have to go out and recruit a man from the public at large.

Not wanting to see the party facing such a grave crisis unprepared, the editors of *Maclean's* invite readers to compose appropriate Help Wanted notices advertising either job — party leader or prime minister — or both.

Entries must reach The Yellow Pages Contest, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., by March 1.

CHECKLISTINGS

A critical glance at the things Canadians will watch, read, listen to and talk about this month

TELEVISION

✔ **CTV Wide World of Sports Special** features the World Heavyweight Elimination Tournament between Jerry Quarry and Thad Spencer (CTV, Sat., Feb. 3, 5 p.m. EST)

✔ **One Canada! Two Nations?**, directed by Robert Barclay, whose credits include the Bell Telephone film at Expo, is a special which will examine Canada's greatest problem — the possible separation of Quebec — through the eyes of Justice Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau and separatist René Lévesque (CTV, Mon., Feb. 12, 9:30 p.m. EST)

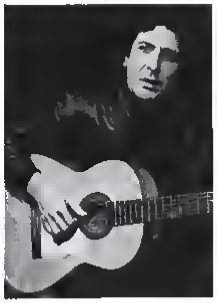
✔ **The O'Keefe Centre Presents** a musical version of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Music and lyrics are by Ruth Batchelor and Bob Roberts who have written for such notables as Burl Ives and Doris Day. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is cast as both the narrator and Squire Allworthy and Robin Ward is Tom Jones. (CBC, Tues., Feb. 13, 8 p.m. EST)

✔ **Rise And Fall Of The Third Reich Pt. II.** Richard Basehart narrates the second part of a three-part special based on William Shirer's bestseller. (CTV, Sun., Feb. 18, 9 p.m. EST)

✔ **Festival** presents a BBC documentary drama, *Soldiers Of The Widow*. Actor Kenneth Griffith relives the hardships, heroism and blunders recounted in personal diaries and letters of soldiers who fought for the widowed Queen Victoria in the Boer War. (CBC, Wed., Feb. 21, 9:30 p.m. EST)

RECORDS

✔ **Songs of Leonard Cohen:** Pity the Montreal poet who has just taken up minstrelsy: has no guitar technique to match his honeyed verse. On a new Columbia record, his Dylan-like voice moans (among others) *Suzanne*, a song-poem he composed for Judy Collins, who recently raised it to fame. More the pity that Columbia slicks up his plain chording and vocalising with an unbearable *doo-wah* descant of female voices. But his intimate, unprotesting love lyrics cut hard any on the market and survive the overarranging. (CS 9533)



✔ **The Cake** that's the name of a female trio as well as the album title. They try almost everything: almost folk, almost rock, almost blues and almost-gospel-rock, but *almost* is about as close as they get to anything.



Though their voices blend well, they take off in too many musical directions at once and thus fail to produce a definitive sound of their own. Their arrangements are strictly 1968, and who needs new voices on old sounds? (Decca DL 74927)

✔ **The Who Sell Out** (The Who). This English rock quartet spoofs several radio and TV commercials (Heinz Baked Beans, Odorono deodorant, a Charles Atlas course, Medac for acne) in an LP that's entertaining enough on first hearing but boring after a second play. (Decca DL 74950)

✔ **Keep On Comin' On** (The Tremeloes). What these singers lack in instrumental inventiveness they make up in vocal artistry. This group rocks tightly and their only departure from down-to-earth singing is a take-off on Swingle singing. Few rock groups can claim four singers as good as these. (BN 26326)

✔ **West Meets East.** Indian sitarist Ravi Shankar and his old disciple Yehudi Menuhin have produced a stunning collaboration for a new Angel record. Best known as musical guru to the Beatles, Shankar has taught Menuhin to slide from note to note in oriental fashion and to apply all his skill to the intricate and voluptuous ragas composed by Shankar. On the other side, Menuhin reverts to western form with a lastly "Oriental" violin sonata by Enescu. (S-36418)

✔ **Bernstein's Mozart.** With mature magnificence Leonard Bernstein unleashes the full glory of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra on Mozart's Linz Symphony and Piano Concerto No. 15, taking the solo role himself. Idiomatic and aristocratic, his perception of Mozart's effortless energy and tragic delight produces an insight that avoids the two extremes of American gibness and German ponderosity in Mozart-playing. London's recorded sound is sumptuous. (CS 6459)

BOOKS

✔ **Coffee, Tea, or Me?** by Trudy Baker and Rachel Jones (Burns and MacEachern, $7.25). Baron von Richthofen must have had a pretty bland life compared to those of the intrepid young women who wrote this breezy book all about life aloft with the air stewardesses. They tell how they cope with pinchers and other wolves, bitchy women passengers, bilious children and other stews who try to steal their men. One lively chapter tells the saga of Sandy, an airborne call girl.

✔ **Wanderings of an Artist** by Paul Kane (M. O. Hurtig, $8.50). This is a new edition of an old account of two trips made to western Canada by a famous painter of the 1840s. In a brisk, no-nonsense style Kane, best known for his paintings of Indians, describes the adventures that befell him as he went into the wilderness sketchbook in hand. The journal augments his paintings to give a vivid picture of what it was like. Unfortunately the reproductions, apart from the jacket, are black and white.

✔ **The Sugar-Coated Pill** by William Stephenson (Pageant Productions, 95 cents). A timely pamphlet published by the author and dealing with the high cost of drugs. Stephenson gives advice on how to help yourself your doctor and your druggist save your money. He even decodes those mysterious Latin symbols doctors scratch on prescriptions.

PEOPLE

✔ **Ray Wunderlich,** 44, a science teacher in Victoria, had no serious notions about calendar reform last fall when he mimeographed some cards reading HELP STAMP OUT THURSDAY—WHO NEEDS IT? He simply passed them out to students and friends as a gag. But a lot of people took him seriously, and Wunderlich wondered if he'd hit on something. Now he's Canada's newest — and probably most enthusiastic—calendar reformer, and he's busy distributing homemade folders containing Thursday-less calendars for 1968 and a list of arguments for the six-day week. Samples: "It would increase the number of weekends per year from 52 to 61." the day everyone wishes were Friday would actually *be* Friday." Several BC newspapers have already publicized his idea, but Wunderlich hopes the real action will come from some of the folder's most famous recipients: Lester Pearson, Robert Stanfield, W. A. C. Bennett. Could Canada pioneer the six-day week alone? "It would be awkward but not impossible." Has anybody called him a crackpot? "Not in so many words."



Ian Otto Photography

✔ **Joni Mitchell,** 24, from Fort McLeod, Alta., wrote 40 folk songs last year, including several recorded by Buffy Ste.-Marie, Ian and Sylvia, Judy Collins and Tom Rush. But nobody outside the folk circle noticed her much until Ross McLean got her to compose the title tune you've seen her singing on CBC's *The Way It Is*. Now she's about to take her next big step up — on the U.S. West Coast — recording an LP this spring for Frank Sinatra's *Reprise* label.

FADS

✔ **A Peanuts wardrobe?** Good Grief! Last year Charlie Brown everything—from posters, to buttons, to a play — threatened to take over Holden Caulfield's role as the American adolescent hero. And Canada isn't far behind. Toronto has supported the stage production of *You're a Good Man, Char-*



lie Brown since last October and shows no sign of letting go. And now we can all expect to see such Schulz-y items as sweat-shirts, T-shirts, polo pyjamas, mini-dresses, even hostess gowns emblazoned with appropriate slogans and drawings. Price range? $2 for a child's shirt to $13 for the longest grownup dress.

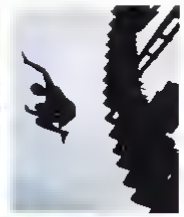


I had just climbed up the water wheel, when things took a turn for the worse.

1 "You could hear it groaning a half mile away," writes Bill Tracey, a friend of Canadian Club. "Last summer, while touring the Near East, I came upon an ancient water wheel in Hama on the Orontes River. It reminded me of an old Ferris wheel back home, especially when I saw some local boys swinging around on it. I couldn't resist taking a ride.



2 "With the help of a friend, I got on. And as the wheel turned, I started climbing.



3 "As I neared the top, I stretched out my arms like a tight rope artist balancing himself. Suddenly, the wheel stopped! I found myself high atop a swaying wheel, in the middle of nowhere. I panicked — and jumped!

4 "After drying off, I went with my friend for a relaxing game of backgammon and a drink of his favourite whisky and mine — Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? Because no other whisky is so light and smooth and yet so satisfying. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long — in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Enjoy Canadian Club, the world's lightest whisky, tonight.

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